BEAUTY
PUT TO ITS
SHIFTS:
OR, THE
YOUNG VIRGIN's
RAMBLES.

BEING

Several Years ADVENTURES of Miſs *****, in *England* and *Portugal*.

INTERSPERSED WITH

Variety of REMARKS, ſerious and diverting, on the *Manners*, *Cuſtom* and *Religion* of the *Portugueſe*: Expoſing the *Tricks* and *Frauds* of *Popiſh Prieſts*.

Written by Herſelf.

The SECOND EDITION, Corrected and Enlarged by the AUTHOR.

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BEAUTY put to its SHIFTS;

OR, THE

Young *Virgin*'s Rambles.

MOST Perſons who are unacquainted with the Paſſion of Love, take it to be a Kind of Paſtime or agreeable Amuſement, rather than a Perplexity of Mind; or, at worſt, ſuppoſe it a pleaſing Pain, as the Philoſophers have defined it; but, for my Part, I very ſeldom, unleſs it was in the Beginning of ſome new Adventure, enjoy'd any Thing elſe but Diſquiet and Agitation of Thought, attended with inexpreſſible Torments. And this I take to be the Caſe with moſt of thoſe of our eaſy Sex, who being bleſſed with certain natural Perfections above the reſt, too readily believe they have made a Conqueſt, and diſpoſe of their Affections before they have juſt Grounds to conclude their Lovers ſincere.

Hence it may well be queſtioned, Whether *Beauty*, which in itſelf is one of the greateſt Advantages Nature can beſtow on Mortals, be not, like *Riches*, rather a *Curſe* than a *Bleſſing*, unleſs it be accompanied with a proper Degree of *Prudence* to repreſs our *Vanity*, and conduct our *Paſſions?* I would not here be underſtood to accuſe Providence, as if I imagined it gave our Sex Charms only as Snares to betray them into Misfortunes; or, that, according to the Scheme which ſuppoſes a due Mixture of *Good* and *Evil* in the moral World, the Advantages of Beauty are of Neceſſity to be ballanced with a proportionable Degree of Indiſcretion. Far be it from me to think thus impiouſly; whatever Errors we commit, we are ourſelves to blame: We are continually the Cauſe of our own Seduction, the Authors of our own Woes: Tho' to excuſe ourſelves, we have often the Preſumption to lay the Fault upon the Deity. There are very few of us who want Senſe enough to know how we ought to act in moſt Articles relating to our Conduct. Do not we daily ſee Perſons of very moderate Capacities behave with the ſtricteſt Decorum, while others of the moſt ſhining Parts go enormouſly aſtray? To this, perhaps, it may be objected, in Favour of our Failings, that People differ in their Conſtitutions, and that Nature hath formed the Paſſions ſtronger in the Minds of ſome Perſons than others: Tho' this be readily granted, yet it will not juſtify our bad Conduct, ſince Reaſon is given us to govern thoſe Paſſions, which, how unruly

ruly ſoever, could never be too ſtrong for Judgment, if we did not perverſly, and againſt Conviction, give up our Wills to their Diſpoſal. In ſhort, moſt of our Errors are wilful ones: For this I can aver from Experience, that I never entered upon any Adventure, but preſently a Debate aroſe in my Mind, either of Choice or involuntarily, and Reaſon determined which Part I ought to have choſen; tho' the Proſpect of ſome preſent Benefit, or the Deluſion of a bare Hope, cauſed me often to purſue the wrong Object. So true it is, that, like *Gameſters*, or thoſe who put into a *Lottery*, we risk our Happineſs, as we do our Money, for the bare Chance of getting a *Rich Prize*, though there may be ſome Thouſands to one againſt us.

Let not the other Sex, from this Account I have given of ours, triumph over Female Weakneſs, and take a Handle to inſult and ridicule us, as they are too apt to do on all Occaſions, without conſidering how prevailing the ſame Failings are amongſt themſelves. Vanity and Self-Conceit are inſeparable from human Nature, and the Men have their Share of both, as well as the Women. I never obſerved a Foible in myſelf, but what I found in ſome of the Sparks I have been acquainted with. They are as apt to think they charm our Sex, as we can be, that we charm theirs; and believe every Woman, whoſe Eyes happen, by Accident, to meet theirs, to be in Love with them. All the Difference between us is, that there may be a greater Number of

the *Vain* among *our Sex* than *theirs*; but that is owing more to Education, which beſtows more Employment on them, and leſs on us; for if the *Vain* among the *Idle* Part of both Sexes be reckoned up, Proportion conſidered, they will, I believe, be found near upon a *Par*.

A great deal of the Vanity Women contract, is owing to the Praiſes which People, out of Flattery or Complaiſance, beſtow upon them when they are young. This I am fully perſwaded of, that I would never have thought myſelf ſo handſome as I did, had not one or other been pleaſed to be always ſaying ſo, in my Hearing; and I was ſure to take particular Notice of every Thing that was ſpoken in my Favour, as moſt Girls do, of what concerns themſelves. As ſoon as I attained the Age of dear Fifteen, as 'tis called, when Girls pride themſelves in the Privilege of entering upon the Woman's State, I began to act according to the flattering Opinion I had ſo long entertained of myſelf; that is, as I imagined myſelf extremely pretty, if not a perfect Beauty, and that every Spark who looked at me was in Love, I immediately ſet out for making Conqueſts, and made it my Buſineſs to go to all public Diverſions, on Purpoſe to *ſee* and be *ſeen*, which I judged to be the Occaſion that brought the greater Part of the Company together, who appeared at ſuch Aſſemblies. As my *Father* died when I was a Child, I could take more Liberty than if he had been alive: For we can make more

bold

bold with our *Mothers*, or wheedle them to comply with our Requeſts. Beſides, *they* are generally for putting their Daughters forwarder than their *Husbands*, who think they ought never to be truſted out of the Parent's Sight: And, indeed, it muſt be granted, that the Liberty given to Girls by Mothers, unknown to the Fathers, is often the Occaſion of the Misfortunes which happen to them. Not that I have any Reaſon to accuſe mine on that Account, for ſhe never indulged me in Oppoſition to my Father's Will: On the contrary, as ſhe let me want for no Education that was proper to form the Behaviour, and qualify me for well-bred Company, ſo ſhe never failed to give me the beſt Advice, and particularly caution'd me againſt giving any Encouragement to Addreſſes, till I had acquainted her with them. I am of Opinion, however, that theſe Admonitions ſhould always be delivered in general, and that Parents ſhould never deſcend to Particulars without an abſolute Neceſſity; for ſuch Cautions often put Thoughts into Children's Heads which they had no Notion of before, and the Medicine too frequently becomes the Diſeaſe itſelf. I cannot ſay but that this was, in ſome Meaſure, my own Caſe. I always ſeemed to pay the greateſt Attention to my Mother's Inſtructions: But, as I believed, at the ſame Time that I was made to be adored, I was ſtill reſolved to follow the Bent of my own Inclinations: And thus ſilly Girls rebel againſt the Dictates, both of their Parents and their

own Reaſon. Whenever my Mother diſcovered that I kept Company with any Gentleman, I uſed to tell her, that it was only to gain ſome Knowledge of their Artifices, and learn how to baffle their Deſigns. With ſuch Gloſſes as theſe would I divert her Vigilance: But, in deceiving our Parents, we generally deceive ourſelves, and in nothing more than the Article of placing our Affections. Here commonly all their Cautions and Documents are thrown away. We perſwade ourſelves, that, in this Point at leaſt, we are the beſt Judges. We are deſirous to ſecure our Happineſs where we think we ſee it, and are afraid leſt our Parents, by too much Circumſpection, ſhould deprive us of it: For this Reaſon we do not care that they ſhould intermeddle in ſo nice an Affair as our Marriage, and reſolve to be beholden for our Happineſs ſolely to ourſelves. In the mean Time we undertake that the Perſon who makes his Addreſſes ſhall gain no Advantage over us, till we are ſecure of his Affections: But, alas! for want of thoſe Parental Admonitions, which ſhould be perpetually ſounded in the Ears of young People, we are over-reached by his Wiles, and inſenſibly drawn in to love before we are aware of it. When that is once the Caſe with us, we require no Proof of a Lover's Sincerity: We believe it upon his bare Word; and juſt as Heat increaſes when the Summer comes, ſo does our Love increaſe by the many fine Things he ſays to us. Then a cool Behaviour puts us in Pain, and we fancy he has gotten

a new Miſtreſs. Our Uneaſineſs returns on every little Occaſion, till, at laſt, all That happens, which, when too late, we feared; and the over-haſtily-ſuppoſed real Lover proves an errant Deceiver: But, oh! the Perverſeneſs of youthful Wills: After reproaching ourſelves for not conſulting our Parents, as the Cauſe of our Misfortune, we fall into the ſame Fault the very firſt Opportunity, and receive the Addreſſes of the next agreeable Spark, who pretends to be an Admirer, which we conceal from them with as much Induſtry as we did thoſe of the former.

When other went to Church, to pray and hear Sermons, my Buſineſs there was wholly to be admired; and, as I had nothing elſe but Beauty for my Portion, I was obliged to dreſs out as fine as any Lady of Fortune, in order to get as many Adorers as I could: For, as irreſiſtable as I thought my Charms, I was ſenſible there are many on whom Beauty makes no Impreſſion: Thrifty Gentlemen, who look more at the Cloaths than at the Perſon; who cannot be perſwaded that there is five Pounds Difference between the moſt *awkward* and *accompliſhed* Maiden, between *Beauty* and *Deformity*, a Woman of *Senſe* and an *Idiot*: Being of Opinion, as the Poet expreſſes it, that

——*One Thouſand Pound ſupplies*
The Want of Twenty Thouſand Qualities.

I had always a ſecret Kind of Antipathy to this mean-ſpirited Race of Animals, as well as to the vain Fops, who aim at drawing over the Affections of young Girls, with no other View, but to boaſt of the Number and Greatneſs of their Victories before their Aſſociates, as empty and ungenerous as themſelves: But tho' I was ſenſible that there were ſuch Men, who dangled and fluttered about our Sex, yet I could not always be upon my Guard againſt them, or diſcover their Intentions time enough to take a proper Revenge. 'Tis Pity but ſuch Perſons were to pay for their unmanly Behaviour. I ſhould wiſh them no greater Harm than to fall into the Hands of ſome of our Sex, who take Delight in having a great many Lovers, only to make an Advantage of them. Theſe Ladies know how to manage ſuch Sparks to a Nicety. They lure them on, by a free, affable Carriage, and a ſeeming Liking to their Company, without giving them Room to think they have any great Share of their Affections. They know if they ſhould once diſcover a tolerable Liking to their Perſons, there would be an End of all their Aſſiduity at once: Whereas, by playing them off, and ſpinning out the Negociation, they keep them ſtill warm in the Purſuit, and ſupply Occaſions for multiplying Treats and Preſents, till ſuch Time as they think fit to break off the Acquaintance, or the Fops retreat of themſelves, grown tired with the Expence and Trouble of bringing their Miſtreſſes to a Declaration. I have known ſome young Fellows,

lows, in this pitiful Way of Thinking, go off terribly mortify'd at their Diſappointment, who would have thought their Time and Money well ſpent, could they but have had the Pleaſure at laſt of gaining a Place in their Miſtreſſe's Affections, only that they might have an Opportunity of leaving them in a State of Uneaſineſs, which to them is a Matter of Triumph. I have the Charity, however, to believe, that many run into this abandoned Courſe more through Example than Principle, without reflecting on the Cruelty and Injuſtice of the Action. They may deceive the Unwary for a while, but from the Time their Character comes to be known, they have but ſmall Chance of ſucceeding: For the Gentlewoman abovementioned, who look upon ſuch as their beſt Chaps, will be ſure to put themſelves in their Way; ſo that, inſtead of continuing to make Dupes of our Sex, they will be duped by them ever afterwards.

Tho' this Species of Gentlewomen is very fond of gaining Lovers, as I have obſerved, they have no great Inclination to make any of them their Husbands. That might happen to ſpoil a very pleaſant, as well as profitable, Courſe of Life. Should any Propoſals, therefore, of Marriage be made to them, they would be a long Time before they came to a Reſolution, unleſs they wanted a Cloak to cover them from the World, or could meet with a Man ſo deſperately fond or ſilly, as to come into all their Meaſures: For the moſt warry amongſt them are ſometimes caught in

the Snare at laſt: And indeed it would be very extraordinary if a young Woman, with gay Diſpoſitions, can be inſenſible to all the Sparks who come in her Way; or that there ſhould not be one among the Number of her Admirers agreeable enough to make an Impreſſion on her Heart. The Truth is, there is, generally ſpeaking, a favourite Gentleman who is Maſter of the Affections of the Goddeſs, while the reſt of her Votaries keep an awful Diſtance, and are content with enjoying her Smiles, tho' ſometimes indulged with a Kiſs, which is the utmoſt Extent of her Bounty towards them, and a ſufficient Reward for all their Offerings and Attendance. In the mean Time the happy Man revels in her Arms as often as he pleaſes; and ſhe being poſſeſſed of the Spark ſhe had moſt liking to, is thenceforward in leſs Danger of yielding to any of her other Lovers, to whom ſhe gives no Encouragement, unleſs in Conſequence of her amorous Correſpondence, ſhe proves with Child: In which Caſe ſhe inclines of a Sudden to liſten to the moſt eager of her humble Servants, and the firſt ſhe finds in the Mind to marry her, ſhe honours him with the Title of her Spouſe: After which, if ſhe can but carry on the Intrigue ſecretly enough with her Lover, ſhe no longer ſtints herſelf of Pleaſure, for Fear of being got with Child by him for the future.

Some young Women are ſo extravagantly fond of fine Cloaths, and appearing richly dreſſed, that when they find Gentlemen will not marry them, becauſe they have not For-

tune

tune anſwerable to theirs, rather than not gratify their Pride, they will conſent to be their Miſtreſſes. Others of our Sex are allured merely with the Pleaſure of carrying on an Intrigue, and the Satisfaction they propoſe in the Careſſes of a Lover. Theſe, 'tis true, are the moſt generous Sort of Miſtreſſes: But then, it muſt be confeſſed, they are not ſo well off as the former, in Caſe of being abandoned by their Gallants, which frequently happens thro' Inſincerity, Fickleneſs, a Love of Variety, and ſundry other Reaſons.

For my Part, though I ſeldom refuſed the Preſents that were offered me, yet I never kept Company with any Gentleman altogether for what I could get from him. My Deſign was not to plunder him; but I underſtood all the Gifts that were tendered me, as ſo many Offerrings to my Beauty, and Earneſts that he would marry me, which was always my ultimate Aim: For tho' I had no Portion, I thought myſelf handſome enough to charm a Man of Fortune; and that, by indulging him with my Company, he might, at length, be drawn in to commit Matrimony, as hath often proved to be the Caſe: So that, conſidering the good Opinion I had of myſelf, I always thought I ſtood a very fair Chance, tho' I am now ſufficiently convinced of my Error; or, at leaſt, that in theſe mercenary, corrupt Times, a Woman who has nothing but her Beauty to depend on, muſt have extraordinary Luck if ſhe makes her Fortune.

My Ambition was to be the Wife of a Gentleman, of a good Eſtate, who could maintain me like a Lady; for I wanted to live grand as others of my Sex did, whoſe good Fortune I envy'd, and thought nothing comparable to fine Cloaths and a ſplendid Equipage. This was my all Foible; but though Self-Intereſt had a conſiderable Share in my Views, yet I always deſpiſed the Thought of making a Property of a Man, like ſome of the Birds of Prey beforementioned. There was a Spark of Generoſity in my Nature which ever oppoſed ſuch degenerate Thoughts, and hindered me from engaging in Deſigns ſo unjuſt and mean: For when a Man begins in earneſt to love, Toil and Slavery come on apace: Neither his Time nor his Purſe are his own: His whole Study muſt be to pleaſe and obey us: There is no Buſineſs ſo great but what muſt be neglected to attend us, nor any Expence ſo extravagant but what muſt be chearfully diſburſed to humour us. In ſhort, 'tis the eaſieſt Thing in the World for a Woman, who has the abſolute Aſcendant over a Man, to ruin him, if ſhe be ſo diſpoſed; of which every Day furniſhes Inſtances.

I forgot to inform my Reader, that my Father, who had a handſome Poſt in the Revenue, ſpared no Coſt to give me the Accompliſhments neceſſary to fit a Woman for the Wife either of a Gentleman or Tradeſman: But as he lived to the Height of his Income, in a great Meaſure on his Daughter's Account, as Parents often do, when he died, my Mother

ther and I had nothing to depend upon but what our Friends were pleaſed to allow us. She, poor Gentlewoman, was very ancient, and not ſo able to do any Thing towards getting a Livelihood; and as for myſelf, what I earned by Plain-work, which I took in for an Amuſement, was ſo inconſiderable, that it is ſcarce worth mentioning. 'Tis true, I could have maintained myſelf eaſily enough by my Needle, could I have allowed more Time from my darling Pleaſures: For as I ſeldom went to Bed before Twelve or One o'Clock, I could not get up on this Side of Nine or Ten in the Morning; ſo that before I had viewed myſelf a Dozen Times in the Glaſs, and pinned myſelf to Rights, it was Dinner-time. After Dinner I muſt go a Viſiting, or to the Play; and, if it was *Summer*, to *Vaux-hall*; for I never went to any of thoſe public Places without making ſome Conqueſt, which encouraged me much to frequent them, in Hopes at length of making my Fortune: But, alas! what Hazards do many of our Sex run when tolerably handſome? and, when left to themſelves, how unable to foreſee the Snares that are laid for them, notwithſtanding the mighty Opinion they have of their own Sufficiency! How happy was it for me that the following Adventure did not coſt me my Ruin! Nor was my Preſervation at all indebted to my own Diſcretion, but to that Chance in the Courſe of Things, by which ſome eſcape Deſtruction, whilſt others, who, perhaps, deſerve it leſs, fall into it.

The

The firſt of my Conqueſts was one Benefit-Night at the Play. Miſs CYNTHIA, an Acquaintance of mine, having had two Tickets giving her, deſired me to bear her Company. As I reſolved to ſet myſelf out to the beſt Advantage, it took me up from Dinner till Five o'Clock, in dreſſing. I ſpent a great deal of Time trying on Caps, to ſee which I looked beſt in; and then I changed my Gowns over and over to determine which would be taken moſt Notice of. I found it ſo difficult to adjuſt theſe important Points, not to mention many others of much leſs Concern, which alſo claimed their Share of Time, that I thought I ſhould never be ready. At length, however, I agreed to give over prinking, and to ſally forth, tho' not abſolutely pleaſed with my Dreſs after all: But juſt as I was going out of the Door, to my great Vexation I eſpy'd a Hole in one of my Stockings, which were white; ſo that I was obliged to pull them off, and put on another Pair, which, not readily finding, gave further Delay. I had coloured ones enough at Hand; but, on ſuch an Occaſion, I could not have walked in them: For I thought, as moſt Girls do, that white Stockings are the Ornaments of a Woman's Legs; and I did not know but I might chance to light of ſome Gentleman who would wait on me home; and if offered a Coach, in getting in and out, a Perſon cannot help ſhewing them. I therefore held it abſolutely proper to provide againſt ſo deſireable an Occaſion: At length I found the Stockings; but the putting them

on

on having ſomewhat ruffled my Cloaths, it required a little more Time to ſet them right again by the Glaſs. All this, I own, is very weak to make ourſelves Slaves to Dreſs; for as to thoſe over-and-above Niceties in prinking, it only ſhows how ſilly young People are, who thinks if the Cap is not pinn'd in ſuch a particular Way, and every Thing elſe likewiſe to a Hair, they are undone, they have ſpoil'd their Fortune, and take not half the Pains to improve in Qualification: But to proceed in my Adventure, I then made the beſt of my Way to the young Lady, who was quite out of Patience, waiting for me.

As ſoon as we got into the Pit, we did not want for Gentlemen who came to entertain us with their Diſcourſe, and tender us their Snuff, and ſuch Fruit as the Place afforded. One in particular, who came and ſat by us, and had his Eyes perpetually fixed on me, offered us ſome Oranges, and was extremely complaiſant. Miſs obſerving it, whiſpered in my Ear, and ſaid, *If you mind your Hits, you may make a Conqueſt of that Beau; now is your Time*, continued ſhe. I was of the ſame Opinion myſelf, but it being the firſt of my Adventures, I did not know how to behave myſelf; or, as I may ſay, how to go about it. The general Lover (for I cannot call him any thing elſe) ask'd me ſeveral Queſtions; but I ſeemed not to mind him at firſt, on purpoſe to make him think the better of me. At the ſame Time, I muſt confeſs, I was filled with ſo much inward Satisfaction on this Occaſion, and my

Imagination ſo wholly employed about the Affair, that I did not mind one Word of what the Actors ſaid, and could give no more Account of the Play, when I got home, than if I had not been at it. One Minute, Thoughts came into my Head, that he muſt be a Gentleman by his Dreſs, and to be ſure was in Love with me: On which I was reſolved to admit him to ſee me on no Terms but thoſe of Marriage. Preſently that Fancy vaniſhed, and another took Place, that very likely the Speeches he made me, and all his ſeeming Application, was only to paſs away Time; and I thought, if that was the Caſe, he needed no better Amuſement than what the Entertainment of the Theatre afforded. Then again, I argued with myſelf; perhaps he takes me for a Lady of the Town, and intends, ſhortly, to make ſome diſagreeable Propoſal to me. Thus one Minute my Breaſt beat with Pleaſure, and the next was tormented with Fears, tho' I did not know for what. All the while he continued the Converſation, and left nothing unſay'd which he judged moſt likely to inſinuate himſelf into my Favour. He asked us, *If we expected Any-body to wait on us home?* And ſaid, *He was ſurprized we ſhould come by ourſelves*, offering his Service to ſee us ſafe to our Lodgings. This was what I both deſired and looked for; however, as I thought Cuſtom obliged me not to ſeem forward in embracing Offers of this Kind from thoſe we never ſaw before, I thanked him, and told him, *I ſhould willingly enough have accepted of his Company had he not*

been

been a Stranger to me. I ſhould tire my Reader was I to repeat every Thing that paſſed between us on this Occaſion: It may be ſufficient to relate, what he himſelf will naturally conclude, that I conſented at laſt to let the Gentleman uſher us home. And now he had gained this Point, his next Requeſt was, *How he might have the Pleaſure of ſeeing me from that Time forward? For,* he ſaid, *he could not live eaſy unleſs I let him have as much of my Company as poſſible*; adding withal, *that a Man muſt be quite inſenſible who can withſtand the Force of your* Charms; which I took for ſomething more than a Compliment.

The Play being ended, he importuned us in a very handſome Manner to drink a Glaſs of Wine by way of Refreſhment, and that he might have an Opportunity to ſettle the Time and Place of ſeeing me; but I abſolutely refuſed this Propoſal, telling him, *That though a young Woman might permit a ſtrange Gentleman to ſee her thro' the Streets at Night by way of Safeguard, yet it would look very unſeemly for her to go into a Tavern with him, like a picked-up Miſtreſs.* I added, however, *That if he pleaſed to let me know his Name and Place of Abode, I would, in Return, tell him where he might ſee me the next* Sunday. So I gave him Directions to an Acquaintance of mine, who I knew could tell how to keep a Secret, till I had acquainted my Mother with the Affair. On this the Gentleman ſaluted me, which gave me a Sort of Pleaſure, and ſo waited on Miſs home: But all the Night long I could not reſt

much for thinking of my Adventure; and during the little Time I did ſleep, I had ſo many pleaſing Dreams, that I thought myſelf in *Paradiſe*.

The next Day I gave my Mother an Account of all that had paſſed the Evening before; whereupon ſhe took Occaſion to talk a great deal to me concerning the Conſequence of keeping Company with a Perſon I knew nothing of. In anſwer to this I told her, *I knew where he lived, and that it would be an eaſy Matter to make Enquiry after him.* Still ſhe continued to give me wholeſome Admonitions; however, ſeeing I diſcloſed the Buſineſs to her, and promiſed to do nothing without her Approbation, ſhe at length conſented that I ſhould meet with CLORIO (for ſo I ſhall name my Spark) at the Place appointed. After this, I ſpent four or five Days betwixt Joy and Pain: In Joy, thinking what Pleaſure I ſhould have at next Meeting; and in Pain, becauſe that little Space of Time ſeemed to me an Age. In ſhort, they were the longeſt Days I ever before had ſeen; ſo long, that I could not find Buſineſs to employ them. I blamed the lingring Hours, and repined that it was not in my Power to make them fly ſwifter on. How differently are we affected, when what is diſagreeable to us approaches! We think it preſent, though at ever ſo great a Diſtance. Days are then but Minutes.—— I endeavoured to kill Time, by diverting the Thoughts of the Meeting, which made the Moments ſeem ſo tedious; but it was in vain,

they

they were perpetually breaking in upon my Mind, attended with a Fluttering at the Heart, which I have experienced oftentimes ſince, but never before.

At length the Day came; when having dreſſed myſelf in the beſt Manner I could, conſidering how much the Hurry and Confuſion of Thought increaſed, as the Hour of Bliſs approached, I went forward in vaſt Expectation towards the Place appointed; but, inſtead of ſeeing him, who had fired my young Heart, I ſaw a Porter come to the Door, juſt as I was knocking at it. He asked me, *If I lived there?* Upon anſwering in the Affirmative, he ſaid, *He had a Letter to be left for Miſs* *****. I told him, *I was the Perſon he wanted*, and ſo took it from him. I did not ſtay long with my Acquaintance, being extreamly impatient to know what was in the Letter. Accordingly, after a ſhort Viſit, pretending great Buſineſs home, I made the beſt of my Way back; and, retiring to my Cloſet, broke open the Billet, wherein I found the following Lines.

My lovely Dear,

I trouble you with this to let you know that the Night I had been ſo bleſſed with your ſweet Company, thou charming Angel! I met with ſome young Fellows of my Acquaintance, who kept me out till one o'Clock next Morning: When, not being able to procure a Coach at any Price, I was obliged to walk home in the Rain, whereby I got a violent Cold, which is the more grievous as it deprives

deprives me of the Happineſs I propoſed in ſeeing you this Afternoon. I hope you will have the Goodneſs to accept of this Apology, and alſo favour me with another Opportunity of ſeeing you, that you may cure the Wound you have given him, who ſhall always be your Adorer, and

Humble Servant,

CLORIO.

I ſhewed the Letter to my Mother, and ſhe thought proper to enquire after my Spark before I ſent him any Anſwer. I was very uneaſy at his not being well, and imagined my Silence would make him worſe, if he was really in Love, as by his Letter I had Reaſon to think he was. I was afraid alſo leſt he ſhould interpret my not anſwering his Letter as a Slight; and, in Reſentment, give himſelf no further Trouble about me; ſo being willing both to eaſe and detain my Lover, next Morning I put Pen to Paper, and ſent him a Letter to let him know that I was ſorry he was not well, and that if my Mother approved of my keeping him Company, I would let him know.

My Mother being out, I had a good Opportunity of ſending my Letter; which was no ſooner done, but ſhe came home, and ſaid, *She had been in Company with a Perſon who knew* CLORIO *very well, and that he bore a ſad Character: That he was very extravagant, and not only ſo, but a Papiſt, to whoſe Religion ſhe had*

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an utter Averſion: Therefore ſhe adviſed me not to give him any Encouragement, but to ſend him a Letter to let him know that I would have nothing to ſay to him. I was obliged to comply with this ſevere Order, and ſo wrote to him an Epiſtle to deſire his Abſence though much againſt my Will.

She read the Letter after I wrote it, and made me ſeal it before her that I might put nothing elſe in, and then ſent it. Now I thought I loſt my Lover for ever, which cauſed me no ſmall Uneaſineſs; till one Day the young Lady, with whom I was at the Play, came to viſit me; and, after putting ſeveral Queſtions about him, took a Letter out of her Pocket, and asked me, *If I knew the Hand-writing?* I preſently ſaid, *It was* CLORIO's; and, ſeeing it directed to me, made bold to open it, and found the Contents as follows:

Fair Lady,

I did not expect to receive ſo ſevere a Letter from your ſweet Hands, after you had given me ſome ſmall Encouragement to hope, that I ſhould be ranked amongſt the Number of thoſe Admirers whom you honour with your Acquaintance: But I flatter myſelf, that the cruel Billet came from your Mamma, not from you, which is the Reaſon of my ſending this Letter to know my Doom. If you will be ſo good as to favour me with a Line in Anſwer, you will at leaſt remove the Torments which ariſe from Doubt, and very

very much oblige him, who cannot chooſe but be your Slave.

CLORIO.

After I had read the Letter, Miſs told me, he gave it her as ſhe was coming out of Church, and after telling her, he had this Letter wrote ſome Time, and that he came to my Mamma to enquire for a Perſon that did not live there, on Purpoſe to have an Opportunity of ſeeing me; and being diſappointed he did not know which Way to convey it to me but by her; for if he had ſent it by the Penny Poſt, he concluded it would be condemn'd, and intreated her to let no-body ſee it but myſelf. I muſt confeſs, I was greatly pleaſed with this new Aſſurance of his Love; but was as much perplexed how to go on with the Amour. I was not willing to diſoblige my Mother in giving him any Encouragement; and yet I long'd to ſee the Perſon who loved me, and whom I could but have a Liking for; not only becauſe he was the firſt who ever made Addreſſes to me, but was alſo handſome, and did every Thing with ſo genteel a Grace: For he knew all the little Ways to pleaſe our Sex, and was a perfect Maſter in the Art of Complaiſance, which, very likely, was the Ruin of him. But, to return to my Story, my Heart was perplexed with a thouſand Doubts, and I knew not what to fix upon: One Minute I was for writing an Anſwer; the next I ſeemed determined to commit CLORIO's Letter to the Flames: But, as Love always gets the better

of

of Prudence, in Debates of this Kind, I at laſt reſolved to ſend an Anſwer; for, to confeſs the Truth, I was juſt diſtracted to think I ſhould be debarred from ſeeing the Perſon who loved me; and that was a more prevailing Motive with me than the Affection I had for him: At leaſt I was willing to perſuade myſelf ſo then, perhaps, that my Proceeding might appear more the Effect of Gratitude and Compaſſion, than of Inclination or Fondneſs, for a Spark. However it was, I wrote an Anſwer, which, as well as I can remember, was to this Purpoſe, if not in the very Terms.

SIR,

If I thought our keeping Company together would be to our Advantage, I ſhould not be againſt it: Although it is with much Reluctance, that I write, becauſe my Mamma, who is of the contrary Opinion, forbad me to have any Correſpondence with you; and I dare ſay, you would not like one who is not dutiful to her Parent. The Reaſon, therefore, of my ſending this, is to let you know, that, if you are deprived of my Company, it is not my Fault. If you can think of any Way to get into Favour with my Mother, I ſhall be very glad of it. To-morrow Evening, about eight o'Clock, I propoſe to be in the Park, where your Company will be very agreeable to your Well-wiſher,

MARINA.

I did not fail to be in the *Park* at the appointed Hour; nor was it long before I ſaw CLORIO

coming forward. I was glad to ſee him, and yet not ſo chearful as at other Times; my Head being perplexed with heavy dull Thoughts, which crouded in apace. We had not walked twice up the *Mall*, before it began to rain; which, to both our Diſſatisfactions, occaſioned us to leave the *Park*; the Shower coming on very faſt, inſtead of abating, we were obliged, as well as a great many Gentlemen and Ladies beſides, to take Shelter in a Tavern; and this Accident forced me to do a Thing, which I ſhould not have conſented to on any Account, had it been fair, conſidering the Slenderneſs of our Acquaintance. Now he had all the Opportunity he could have deſired of ſpeaking his Mind till eleven o'Clock; in which Time he ſpared no Pains to make me ſenſible how much he loved me, which gave me no ſmall Content, as we were by ourſelves, he could be more free than if my Mamma had been with us; and I can't ſay but that is a very good Reaſon why a great many Mothers won't let their Daughters go abroad with any Spark unleſs they go with them: For Girls that are of an amourous Inclination, thinks every Man handſome that makes Love to them; and by being elevated by drinking, and telling his Love Tales, ſhe takes a Liking to his Company, and thinks him ſomething more than Man. Before we parted, he entreated hard that I would let him ſee me as often as poſſible; but as I gave him ſeriouſly to underſtand, that I would keep no-body's Company without my Mother's Conſent, he ſaid, *He would then contrive ſome Method to come acquainted*

quainted with her; and begg'd, *That I would meet him at one Place or another, till ſuch Time as he could be introduced to her.* To this, after ſome Scruples, I conſented; and he prevailed on me to meet him the next Day, in order to go to *Vnux-hall.*

A few Days after this, my Mother propoſing to go out of Town with ſome Gentlewomen of her Acquaintance, I had a very difficult Task to diſengage myſelf from going with her. At this Time I took the Opportunity to let my Lover know, that, during her Abſence, we might ſee one another at home. The very Day on which my Mother ſet out on her Journey, CLORIO came to viſit me; but he was ſcarce ſet down, when, as ill Luck would have it, ſhe returned in a Coach. It cannot be conceived what a Surprize and Confuſion we both were in: However, before the Door was opened, I took Care to hide my Beau under a Waſhing-tub that ſtood in the Kitchen, which was the only Conveniency then at Hand fit for the Purpoſe; nor did he make any Difficulty to comply with Neceſſity, but went under it with all the Tranquility of another DIOGENES, whoſe Tub, I am of Opinion, was never honoured with ſo much Powder and Eſſence, as ours was ſeaſoned with on this Occaſion.

The Reaſon of my Mother's unexpected Return, was a violent Pain in the Head, with which ſhe was ſeized; and, as ſhe judged Reſt the moſt likely Thing to give her Eaſe, ſhe went to Bed directly. This happened very luckily; for had ſhe continued any Time below Stairs,

ſhe might have diſcovered the prohibited Goods, by the Priſoner's coughing; by his ruſtling in the Tub, in changing Poſture for Eaſe, or by ſome other Accident. Her going to Bed made me relieve him from under the Tub: However, I was ſtill much perplexed, not knowing how to let him out without Hazard, for fear my Mother would hear me unlock the Door; and for that Reaſon I was obliged to ſtay till ſhe was aſleep. All this while I ſat upon Thorns; but, to divert the Time, (or rather for an Excuſe to ſit up, I took a Book of Novels in my Hand; for I was in ſuch Confuſion, that I knew not what I read, or even which End of the Page was uppermoſt. Thus I ſat muſing and impatient: At length my Mother asked the Reaſon of my not coming to Bed? But, as I expected this Queſtion, I had prepared an Anſwer, which was, *That Miſs——— had lent me a Book; and, as ſhe was to ſend for it the next Day, I wanted to read it before I returned it.* By this Means having gotten a Sort of Permiſſion to ſit up, I did all I could to diſpoſe my Mother to Sleep: I drew the Curtains quite cloſe, under Pretence of Care to prevent her catching more Cold, and every now and-then I ſpoke to her, to know if ſhe was fallen into a Slumber; but her Illneſs made her very reſtleſs, ſo that it was One o'Clock before ſhe cloſed her Eyes. This tedious Waiting bout gave much Uneaſineſs both to my Lover and me: However, I at length got him out without being diſcovered, which put an End to my Fears at that Time: And, after that, he never viſited me at our Houſe, but I uſed to meet him

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at a Place I appoinred. We continued our Correſpondence in this Manner for about a Twelvemonth; in which Time my young Spark ran out his Eſtate, which was about three hundred Pounds a Year, Part of it in Expences upon me, and the reſt I know not how; ſo that he was obliged very ſoon to go to Sea: And thus, to my no ſmall Grief, was I deprived of my firſt Lover; but I made a Virtue of Neceſſity, and it gave me ſome Conſolation to think my being forſaken by him was not owing to his Falſhood.

I have good Reaſon to believe that CLORIO would have marry'd me, could he have ſtood his Ground; tho', perhaps he would have enjoy'd me upon eaſier Terms, if he could: For a Gentleman will often try to gain his Ends of the Woman he loves, without entering into the Marriage State, tho' at the ſame Time he would marry her, rather than be without her. Very often, after dancing, and when my Spirits were elevated with eating and drinking of the beſt, he would preſs me, kiſs me, and ſay the moſt tender moving Things that could be imagined. Conſidering how young and unexperienced I was, it may be ſurpriſing that I was not ruined at ſome of thoſe critical Junctures, in which Numbers of our Sex, of much riper Years, have been overcome: But, inſtead of giving him any Encouragement, I would fly from his Embraces, huff, and ſeem to be very angry. Beyond this he never perſiſted; and the next Day he was ſure to bring me a Preſent of Jewels, or other Things of Value.

He was very generous, and took all the Methods he could think on to engage my Affections, and perſuade me that he loved me. Two or three Days in the Week he uſed to take me out, and any of my Acquaintance to the Play: Would make Balls and Entertainments, which to be ſure put him to great Expences. It coſt him alſo a great deal of Money in Preſents; for, if I but mentioned any Thing I liked, he was ready to get it for me, if poſſible: But at this Time I did not know but he had an Eſtate to anſwer all this; beſides, I had the leſs Scruple to take them, as I expected to be his Wife. I conſidered alſo, that now was the proper Time to get many little Trinkets ornamental to a Woman; becauſe Men are commonly more generous before Marriage than aftewards; and, from being profuſe, often become very ſtingey.

Not long after I had loſt my Lover, I had a greater Loſs, which was that of my Mother. The Pain in her Head was the Forerunner of a Fever, which continuing ſeveral Weeks, threw her into a Conſumption; and this, in about a Year's Time, brought her to the Grave: Then it was that my Troubles began. Ever ſince my Father's Death, my Unkle had given my Mother an Allowance to ſubſiſt on; and I imagined that he would have continued the ſame Benevolence to me: But, to my great Diſappointment, found, that he he intended me no ſuch Favour. As ſoon as the Burial was over, he took me home to his Houſe, and one of the firſt Queſtions he asked me, was, '*What I intended* '*to do, and whether I thought he would maintain*

'*me*

'*me like a Lady, when I was able to do ſomething*
'*for my Livelihood? No, truly*, added he, *I*
'*ſhall not keep you in Idleneſs; I know of a Lady*
'*who wants a Chambermaid; and as I believe*
'*you are qualified for ſuch a Place, if you like it,*
'*I'll get you into it.*' This was a very mortifying Propoſal to one who hated Confinement as much as I did; but, in Regard I had nothing to live on of my own, I was obliged to comply with my Unkle's Will: However, I took the Liberty to tell him at the ſame Time, *That if I had but about Twenty Pounds, I might take a Shop; and, by working, as well as ſelling Millinery Ware, get a handſome Livelihood:* But he was very much againſt ſuch a Project, ſaying '*It was not ſeemly*
'*for a young Woman to keep a Shop by herſelf.*
' Then he asked me, *Who I thought would give*
'*me ſo much Money; and if I did not believe I*
'*ſhould ſpend Twenty Pounds, if I had it, before*
'*I got any Cuſtomers?*

As to the firſt of theſe Queſtions, I muſt confeſs, I knew not how to reſolve it, ſince by his putting it, it plainly appeared, that he never intended to beſtow ſuch a Sum on me himſelf, though a Trifle to him, who was very rich: But with Reſpect to the Second, I thought to myſelf, that I ſhould not want for Cuſtomers; for I knew that young Gentlemen are always wanting ſomething or other, and like to pay double the Price at a handſome Milliners, for ſake of their Company, rather than lay out their Money at any other Shop. Then I conſidered again, that I ſhould have the Pleaſure of going abroad whenever I had a Mind; for I ſuppoſed

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my Chaps would be continually asking me to go to one Place or another. I perſwaded myſelf alſo, that I ſhould not have much Occaſion to work, becauſe I concluded I ſhould be always making Conqueſts, and always receiving Preſents. Theſe fine Imaginations entered into my Head, while my Unkle talk'd to me; but my Reader may believe I did not commnnicate them to him—— 'A Shop, continued he, *under the* 'Management of ſuch a one as you, would only 'ſerve for a Rendezvous of idle, raking young 'Fellows, and, very likely, in the End, would 'prove your Ruin. No, no, you are but young; 'you do not know what it is to get your Bread in a 'publick Way of Buſineſs, which you were not 'brought up to. You muſt go to this Place I have 'propoſed to you, and I will deſire the old Lady to 'have an Eye over you, and ſee that you go to 'Church conſtantly. You may employ your leiſure 'Time in reading good Books; and thoſe Afternoons when you may have Leave to go abroad, I 'expect you will come here, and not be inticed along 'with giddy wanton Girls, who are always rambling out with Sparks as idle as themſelves. With 'ſuch I caution you never to make an Acquaintance: 'For, by that Means, virtuous young Women are 'often drawn into all Manner of Vice and Inconveniencies. He concluded, by ſaying, I know 'ſhe is a very good Lady, and will take Care that 'none of the Men Servants be too free with you. 'Let me adviſe you, therefore, to do all in your 'Power to oblige her; and if you behave well, 'you do not know what I may do for you hereafter.'

I thought

I thought it an Age till Night came, that I might go to Bed, and conſider what I had to do: For I was reſolved not to live in the Condition which my Uncle had deſigned for me. I could not reſt or ſleep a Wink all Night, for reflecting on what had paſſed. So mortifying a Lecture I never had undergone before. I leave my Reader to judge, what a Shock it muſt have been for one, who had lived in the Manner I had hitherto done who had till now been, as I may ſay, my own Miſtreſs, and enjoyed all the innocent Pleaſure which a Woman could wiſh for, to hear of being deprived of all Liberty at once, and reduced to a State of ſervile Confinement. The Debtor, who carrying to Gaol, or the gay bloming Virgin who is going to be lock'd up in a Nunnery, could not ſuffer greater Anguiſh of Mind than I did at the Thoughts of this abject Sort of Proviſion (as I then deemeed it) which my Uncle had cut out for me; ſo contrary to my late Courſe of Life, and gilded Views.

The next *Sunday* following, my Aunt told me, that I muſt go with her to the Lady's above-mentioned, who wanted to ſee me. Accordingly in the Afternoon we went, and were received with a great deal of Complaiſance. We ſtayed and drank Tea; after which the Lady asked me a great many Queſtions, ſeemed very fond to have me, and ſay'd, *She did not doubt but ſhe ſhould like me*; deſiring me at the ſame Time, *To come to my Place the next Day*. Though it was ſore againſt my Inclination, eſpecially on ſuch ſhort Warning,

yet I did not fail going; but I was ſo confuſed and dejected, that I was fit for no Buſineſs for ſome Days after. Nothwithſtanding every Thing round me was truly gay and noble, yet they appeared frightful to my Eyes. I had no Reliſh for any Thing, not even for my Food, but ſeemed like one inſenſible, on whom the brighteſt Objects made no Impreſſion.

My good Lady, who perceived the Diſorder I was in, imputed it only to that Shineſs, which attends one at firſt going to a ſtrange Place, and which ſhe concluded would wear off in a few Days. She treated me with all the Tenderneſs imaginable, which made her Service as eaſy to me as poſſible: But ſtill I looked upon it as a Place of Confinement, in regard I had no longer the Liberty I enjoy'd before, and was debarred of all that Company and Diverſion I had been ſo long uſed to; the Thoughts of which made the leaſt Reſtraint unſupportable to me. However, I plucked up my Spirits the beſt I could, and put on a Reſolution to appear chearful; ſo that, in a little Time, I gained the Eſteem of every Body in the Houſe, and might have lived very happyily, and to my Advantage, if the Swing I had gotten of Pleaſure, during the Time of my late Amour, had not quite prejudiced my Notions, and given a Sort of Averſion to a ſettled Courſe of Life.

In ſhort, nothing could cure me of the Paſſion I had contracted for Freedom; and, however well reconciled I appeared to my Service,

Service, all my Comfort was in the Expectation of being ſoon delivered from my Confinement: In order to which, I had already began to form a Scheme: This was to go over to *Portugal*, where I had a Godmother, who was alſo a Relation. I fancy'd if I could but get thither, I could make my Story good, as I knew ſhe had been fond of me, when in *England*; and her Husband being a Merchant very well to paſs, I did not doubt of being well received. This was plauſible enough; but when I came to reflect on the Difficulty of getting over, for want of Money; the Terror of the Sea, to one who had never been off Land, and the Inconveniencies that attended going by myſelf, I became quite heartleſs, and gave up my Project as a Thing impracticable. Thus Hopes and Fears, Joy and Sorrow, ſucceeded one another alternately, whenever I thought of the Ramble to *Portugal*.

However, as I could hit upon no other Expedient ſo likely to free me effectually as this, I reſolved at length to it let what would happen; and ſo began to contrive how to prevent the Obſtacles which preſented themſelves, in the beſt Manner I was able. In the firſt Place, I judged it not at all proper to go in a Woman's Dreſs; becauſe I not only ran the greater Risk of being known while I was looking out for a Ship, and ſo prevented from executing my Deſign; but as I was alone, I ſhould be thereby more expoſed to the Inconveniences which attend our Sex on Ship-

board. I therefore reſolved to provide myſelf with Men's Cloaths as ſoon as ever I could. With this View I began to be very ſaving of the little Money I had brought with me; and as my Lady uſed to give me many of her left-off Cloaths, I ſold them as faſt as I got them; and by this Means augmented my Caſh conſiderably by Degrees. At length, when I thought my Stock large enough to anſwer all my Expences till I got to *Portugal*, and even maintain me awhile there in caſe of Accidents, I determined to lay hold on the firſt Opportunity that offered of ſetting forward upon this extraordinary Expedition; which, at beſt, even to myſelf, appeared to have a good deal of Knight-Errantry in it. And perhaps that was no ſmall Motive to determine me to the Enterprize, and encourage me to undertake it: For I had read over a great many Romances; and was always much delighted when I met with the Adventures of any Female *Don Quixote*.

I waited impatiently for the expected Opportunity, and at laſt found one: For my Lady, who ſeldom went abroad, had the Curioſity one Evening to go to ſee a new Play, and took me along with her. We had not been above half an Hour in the Houſe, before I pretended to be ſick, and deſired leave of my Lady to return home. She believing I was not well, not only conſented, but was ſo good as to offer to go back with me. As this would have quite diſconcerted my Meaſures, at leaſt for that Time, I preſently pur-

purpoſed with myſelf to ſtay rather than ſuffer it; and therefore uſed all the Arguments I could to divert her from her Deſign, ſaying, *That I would on no Account be the Means of ſpoiling her Diverſion; and that I would rather ſtay, though ever ſo ſick, than go, and thereby diſappoint her of ſeeing the Play, eſpecially after coming to the Place.* At laſt, with much Perſwaſion, I prevailed on her to let me go by myſelf, and ſo left her: Tho' I muſt confeſs not without ſome Reluctance, conſidering how good ſhe was to me, and the Surprize I concluded my manner of leaving her muſt have given her, when ſhe returned and found I had deſerted her Service.

As ſoon as I got out of the Playhouſe, inſtead of moving homewards, I made the beſt of my Way to a Saleſman's Shop; and told him I wanted a Suit of Cloaths for a Brother of mine who was about my Size. He ſhewed me ſeveral; and, having pitched on a Suit ſuch as I thought would fit me, I bought it conditionally, that if it was either too big or too little, he ſhould alter it into the Bargain. He promiſed to do ſo, and would have ſent them home with me: But as I had no home at that Time (for I did not intend to go to my Lady's any more) I ty'd them up in my Handkerchief; I went then and bought a Hat and Box, with a Lock and Key, and putting my Cloaths in it, I deſired him to leave it for Mr. ———, at a Neighbouring Tavern where I went, and calling for a Pint of Wine, I took my Bundle from under my Hoop,

Hoop, which contained my Shoes, Stockings, and Shirts; I then put on my Cloaths, which were rather too big, but I did not mind that, than having changed my Shoes and Stockings, and put on my Hat, I look'd in the Glaſs and thought myſelf ſo entirely metamorphos'd by my maſculine Dreſs, that I was in no Fear of being diſcover'd, even if I ſhould have been advertis'd. This putting me in good Heart, I put my female Cloaths in the Box, for I did not know how ſoon I ſhould want them, and ſent it to the Inn, where I intended to lay, after drinking a Glaſs or two, then ſtrutted out boldly for the firſt Time in Breeches, and went to the Inn; next Day I ventured to appear on the Change, and enquired for a Ship. I was ſo lucky as to meet with the Captain of a Veſſel bound for *Liſbon*, who was to ſail in ſeven or eight Days.

All this Time I had nothing to do but ſaunter about from Morning till Night, having no Body to converſe with, for I durſt not let any of my Acquaintance into the Secret. This Situation, as melancholy as it was, appeared to me much preferable to Confinement. However, I wiſhed impatiently for the Day the Captain had fixed upon for ſetting Sail, which being come, I went aboard the Ship. Here indeed I found myſelf quite out of my Element, and knew not how to behave among Creatures, who, from the Rudeneſs of their Dreſs and Manners, appeared more like bears than Men. I began alſo to be frighten'd at the Thoughts of being in a Place where there

were

were no Women. However, I reſolved to put the beſt Face upon the Matter, and to keep as much to myſelf as I could.

I lay in a ſmall Room next the Cabin, which was juſt big enough for a Bed to hold one Perſon. The Wind not being fair, we did not ſail that Day, and I lay as ſnug as if I had been at Land. Next Morning the Wind coming about we weighed Anchor, and began our Voyage, which I hoped would have agreed with me all the Way: But the Moment I began to ſmell the Sea Air, I felt a gteat Change: For I grew ſick; conceived a Loathing for all Sort of Meat; and began to puke. My Diſorder was increaſed by the Motion of the Ship; ſo that I could not ſtay above Deck. As ſoon as Night fell I went to Bed. Bnt little could I ſleep betwixt the Sickneſs of my Body, and Anguiſh of Mind: Which borrowing Strength from my Diſorder, returned with double Vigour; and filled my Imagination with Ideas infinitely more terrible than any which I had been diſturbed with before. I was overwhelmed with Grief for leaving my Friends in the Manner I had done, and venturing upon ſo hazardous an Undertaking as I was then engaged in. Fear, which paints every thing in the moſt frightful Colours, made me conclude I was inevitably ruined. If at any time Sleep ſtept in to my Relief, it was but for a Moment: For I preſently was awaked by ſome frightful Dream, which encreaſed my Diſtreſs. One Time I imagined myſelf in a poor Habit in

London,

London, rejected by my Relations: At another Time I found myſelf wandering alone upon a foreign Coaſt, without Money, or any Body near to relieve me; and ſometimes I dreamed the Ship was ſinking. This, however was not very ſhocking to me; for in the Condition I was then in, I could perhaps have reckoned drowning a Happineſs.

In ſhort, this was the moſt ſorrowful Night I ever paſſed in all my Life. I wiſhed for the Day, which indeed brought me ſome Eaſe; and as the Sea-Sickneſs diminiſhed, my Mind grew more fortify'd; ſo that, by Degrees, I became pretty eaſy again. At length I came to my Stomach, and fed heartily. We had every Day Ducks or Fowls at Dinner; nor did we want for Wine to reliſh our Victuals: Yet, I had not ſo thoroughly got rid of my anxious Thoughts, but that I often wiſhed myſelf at my Lady's Houſe again. However, as it was in vain to look back, after carrying the Frolick ſo far, I reſolved to think no more, if poſſible, of what was paſt; but make the beſt of the Adventure which I had ſo raſhly entered upon.

We ſpent about four Weeks in the Voyage: For it being Summer, the Weather proved very calm; ſo that we could not make ſo much Way as in Winter. At length drawing near the long deſired Port, the firſt good News I heard, was, that we could ſee the *Rock of Lisbon*. This revived my Spirits much, as it gave me Hopes of treading once more on firm Land; and in ſome Meaſure of ſuc-

ſucceeding in my Deſign. We caſt Anchor when we came to *Belem*, where I went aſhore along with two more who came in the ſame Ship. We repair'd to an *Engliſh* Public-Houſe, kept by a Woman whoſe Name was STEPNEY, where we intended to dine. After we had talk'd a while about the Irkſomeneſs of the Voyage, and congratulated one another upon our Arrival in *Portugal*, one of the Gentlemen asked me, *If I would take a Walk before Dinner?* Which I readily conſented to, being willing after ſo long a Confinement on Shipboard, to ſtretch my Legs a little, and view the Place; which promiſed the Eye more Entertainment than the Sea: Where all my Proſpect, for a whole Month together, was only one continued Plain of Water; without any Variety of Objects to diverſify the barren Scene, and render it agreeable to the Senſes.

The firſt Place we went to ſee was the Monaſtery; where, I could not forbear laughing, to obſerve the People as they came in putting their Hands into a Stone Baſon, which was ſtuck againſt the Wall at the Door, and ſprinkle their Faces with the Water. I thought it equally as ridiculous to ſee others croſſing themſelves. I asked one of my Companions the Reaſon of theſe Ceremonies, which appeared to me very extravagant. After explaining them, he told me, *If I would have a little Patience, I ſhould ſee a great many more odd Cuſtoms.* The Reader will eaſily excuſe my Ignorance in theſe Matters, when he has

been informed, that all theſe Things were perfectly knew to me, having never been in a Popiſh Chappel all the while I was in *England*; nor had any Occaſion to underſtand the leaſt Circumſtance of the Religion: Tho' my late Spark was a *Roman Catholick*, as they are pleaſed very ignorantly, as well as vainly, to ſtile themſelves. For, if *Catholick* ſignifies Univerſal, as I have been informed by Proteſtants, and thoſe of the *Romiſh* Perſwaſion confeſs themſelves, I do not ſee but *Jews*, or *Quakers*, are as juſtly entitled to the Name as they. It is this Ignorance, like mine, of the Popiſh Religion, which make ſo many People in *England* think favourably of it: Beſides, the Prieſts here diſguiſe it in many Things, particularly as to the Worſhip of Saints, Images and Relicks. And, indeed, for the Generality, the Popiſh Riligion abroad, ſeems quite another Thing: So that I have often thought the beſt Way to convince an *Engliſh* Papiſt of the Errors of his Religion; or, give a Proteſtant a due Abhorrence of it, would be to carry him over to *Portugal*, or ſome other *Catholick* Country: For there Superſtition appears in every Shape without Diſguiſe; their Prieſtcraft is openly profeſt; and all Sorts of Immoralities are practiſed by the diſſolute Clergy, who would be a Scandal to any Religion but their own.

We walked all about the Place; and at every Altar we paſſed by, I obſerved the People bowing with great Devotion. At firſt I thought they ſaluted ſomebody who ſtood by the

the Altar: But, upon Inquiry, found it was to the Images they paid all the Reverence. I was greatly ſhocked at this. I had indeed frequently heard in *England*, that the Papiſts were groſs Idolaters, nay, the groſſeſt of all Idolaters, in dividing God's Honour with his Creatures; and worſhipping Stocks and Stones, as well as departed Souls, and the very Reliques or Corruption of their Bodies; as their Duſt and rotten Bones: But I thought the Accuſation too monſtrous to be credited; and if I had believed it, the Report of this Impiety could never have made ſo deep an Impreſſion on my Mind as the Sight of it created. However, the Superſtition I was Witneſs of in this Place, was nothing in Compariſon of what I met with elſewhere.

The Monaſtery at *Belem*, is an antient and noble Structure, built after the Manner of *Weſtminſter-Abbey*; but a great deal larger. I was informed that the Workmen who raiſed this ſtately Fabric, had no more each of them than one Vintain *per* Day for their Labour; which is about Three Halfpence of our Money. It was founded and built at the Expence of King *Emanuel*; who, upon endowing it, left the Fryars to their Choice, whether they would have a *Mager* of Corn daily for their Subſiſtence, which is worth now about two Shillings; or a Vintain. The covetous Fryars choſe the Coin, which is duly paid them ſtill: But thoſe who poſſeſs the Convent at preſent, wiſh their Predeceſſors had taken the Corn, which would turn out to much better Advan-

tage. This only ſhews how greedily the Hearts of that Sort of People are ſet on Gain, notwithſtanding they make Vows of Poverty: Since, if they had nothing at all allowed them, they would be rich enough; having a Revenue ſufficient to maintain them in Plenty, beſides the Sums they get by praying Souls out of *Purgatory*: Which infamous Cheat, or (to uſe their ſoftening Language) pious Fraud, is of itſelf an immenſe Sourſe of Wealth, ſufficient to ſupport the *Romiſh* Clergy every where. But they are not content with one Drain upon the Pockets of the People; every Doctrine is calculated to the ſame End. They are a Kind of Spiritual Taxes, which being levied under many different Denominations or Pretences, as well as at different Times, do not appear ſo bulkey as they really are and would appear, if they were all collected at one Time, or on the ſame Account; and conſequently go the eaſier down with the deluded Laity: Who yet feel the Grievouſneſs of the Burden in the Main; and would willingly get rid of it if they could but tell how.

Having mentioned the Praying Souls out of *Purgatory*, it may not be altogether amiſs to give my Reader ſome Account of this Artifice. One of the Chief Concerns of a Papiſt, when he makes his Will, is to leave Money for Maſſes to be ſaid for his Soul after Death. Should he die without making this Proviſion, it would be looked on as a very unfortunate Thing: For every Body knows that without Money there can be no Deliverance out of

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Purgatory. Without that neceſſary Hire, the compaſſionate, charitable Prieſt, would ſuffer the miſerable Soul to fry to Eternity in that dreadful Furnace; though at the ſame Time they tell you, that the Fire thereof is twice hotter than that of Hell, and the Torments ſo many Fold more grievous. Would not any one then, who believes the Doctrine, give any Money to be releaſed? Now it happens, many are drowned, or killed by ſome Accident, who have made no Wills, or have no near Relations; and the Poor cannot afford to pay for the Benefit of their Souls. Which therefore muſt lie in *Purgatory*, unleſs Money be raiſed to give the Prieſt for praying them out. For this Purpoſe every Church has certain Men, called, *the Brothers of the Church*, who take it by Turns to collect Money about the Streets for theſe pious Uſes. Theſe Brothers pay ſo much a Year to the Church, thoſe that can ſpare moſt Time or are moſt devout, generally goes to accompany our Lord, as they call the Hoſt, when it is carry'd to any ſick Perſon. The loweſt Price they take a Soul out, or rather ſay a Maſs, for, is Ten-Pence; which Price would be low enough in all Conſcience, was there any Reality in the Thing: But if there was, it is ſcarce to be preſumed that the good Fryars, who, as hath been obſerved, have no Bowels of Pity, would ſell Redemption ſo cheap.

On this Occaſion, I cannot forbear relating a Paſſage which I heard told at *Lisbon*, by an *Engliſh* Gentleman of Figure, whoſe Veracity might

might be intirely depended on. This Gentleman was acquainted with a *Padre* or Father (ſo they call the Prieſts or Fryars) who was a very facetious Fellow, and a jocular Companion; as the Clergy in Popiſh Countries commonly are. If my Reader ſhould be curious to know what Buſineſs this *Engliſhman*, who was a Proteſtant, could have to keep Company with a Prieſt, I will not take upon me to inform him. I ſhall only tell him, what is currently reported of theſe *Padres*, that they are the beſt Pimps and Procurers in the World; and for that Reaſon, they ſay, all Foreigners make it their Buſineſs to become acquainted with them, that they may help them to Miſtreſſes, and the young Creatures whom they take a Fancy to. One Evening as the Gentleman was at a *Engliſh* Coffee-Houſe, where *Portugueſe* Gentlemen frequents as well as the *Engliſh* with the *Padre*, drinking a Glaſs of Wine, of a ſudden, a poor Woman ruſhes into the Room; and all in Tears throws herſelf at the *Padre*'s Feet, embracing his Knees, and intreating him for the ſake of the *Bleſſed Virgin*, and St. *Anthony* (who are more in the Mouths of the *Portugueze* than GOD or CHRIST) that he would take her Husband out of *Purgatory*. The *Padre* puſhing her off in a rude Manner, and looking ſternly upon her, cry'd, *How darſt thou come to trouble me any more empty handed? Did I not tell thee that I would not releaſe him till thou hadſt brought me the remaining Five Shillings? I have delivered him all to one Foot, upon which thou*

thou may'ſt depend he ſhall ſtand till the Day of Judgment, if thou doſt not fetch me the Money.

On having this cruel Sentence pronounced, the poor Woman's Grief redoubled. She aſſured the Padre, *She had not wherewithal in the World to raiſe ſo much Money; that ſhe had ſold her Aſs, to procure the Sum ſhe had given him before, and had nothing left but the Cloaths on her Back, which were ordinary enough.* The Gentleman, who was ſhocked to find the *Padre* continue ſtill inflexible, deſired the Friar *to let the poor Woman looſe, and he would pay him the five Shillings.* Whereupon the Woman, after loading her Benefactor with Bleſſings, went away mighty well contented. When ſhe was gone, the Gentleman asked him, *How he could be ſo obdurate and uncharitable, as to deny the poor Woman's Requeſt, or demand Money of her, after ſhe had ruin'd herſelf to ſupply him.* At which the *Padre* laugh'd heartily, and ſaid, *If they were not ſo exact with the common People, they ſhould never get any Thing from them; and if they admitted Poverty as a Plea from One, it would be pleaded by All. But were you not aſhamed,* ſaid the Gentleman, *to talk of her Husband's being held faſt by the Foot in* Purgatory? *Does the Body go thither with the Soul?* The *Padre* laughing out again, *No, no! Signor,* ſaid he, *but the Vulgar know no better. Ignorance is the Mother of Devotion: If they knew as much as they ought to know: there would be no Buſineſs for us long:* And, indeed, it is pity Mankind ſhould be abuſed in ſo ſcandalous a Manner, and a Shame

that

that any Government ſhould ſuffer the Subject to be ſo cheated and plundered by a Set of mercenary Men, under the Mask of Religion: But it is well known, that the Government of *Portugal* and *Spain*, find their Accounts in the Depredations of the Clergy, and even encourage them, by becoming Merchants of Men's Souls themſelves: I mean by farming Indulgencies from the *Pope*, which the People are obliged yearly to take at a fixt Price. I have been told, that no leſs than five hundred thouſand Pounds worth of them are imported yearly on the King of *Spain*'s Account, and that half the Revenue of the King of *Portugal* conſiſts in the Profits ariſing from the Sale of this Moonſhine, of which every-body muſt buy a Mouthful, ſorely againſt the Will of many, who conſider it as a barefaced Cheat, and, almoſt all, a grievous Impoſition. Did they believe there was as much Virtue in Indulgences, as in Tobacco, it is likely they would not begruge to pay the Tax. However, one cannot but admire the Addreſs of certain mighty Monarchs, or their Miniſters, who are able to improve their Revenues ſo immencely out of a Mundungus Weed, or more inſignificant Scraps of Paper.

Tho' I had not met with ſuch an Adventure in my Travels as I juſt now related; yet from the Knowledge I have of the profound Ignorance, as well as Superſtition, of the *Portugueſe*, which commonly go together, I can eaſily believe it to be Fact. As to what relates to the Deceaſed being detained faſt by the Foot in

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Purgatory, it is not at all ſtrange that the Prieſts ſhould talk in ſo abſurd a Manner without any Danger of being detected by the People. Do they not impoſe as groſly on their Simplicity, when in order to prove the Reality of Tranſubſtantiation, or of *Chriſt*'s Body exiſting in the conſecrated Water, they amuſe them with Miracles; ſuch as of Blood dropping from the Hoſt, or of a Child appearing in it, or of a Finger peeping out? Though ſuch Appearances are utterly inconſiſtent with their preſent Doctrine, relating to the Sacramental Change, which ſuppoſes the Body to be whole, indiviſible, and having the Properties of a Spirit: But then it muſt be conſidered, that ſuch Images more ſtrongly affect the Imaginations of the Generality of the People, who are led by their Senſes more than their Underſtandings.

Notwithſtanding the *Portugueſe* are ſo generally devoted to their Church, which they hold infallible, they have a very different Opinion of their Clergy, eſpecially the Regulars. Theſe Regulars, they ſay, are the moſt irregular Fellows in the World. The common People, who are ſo ignorant, yet cannot but ſee their Tricks and Debaucheries. One of their Proverbs is, *A Friar and a Cheat is the ſame Thing*. They have another, *That the Clergy live by the Fools, and are ſupported by the Knaves*. By *Fools*, are to be underſtood, thoſe who leave Eſtates or great Legacies to the Church; and by *Knaves* are meant, the civil Governors, as well as Clergy, who

ſuffer the latter to fleece the People, and terrify them with the Inquiſition, and other Severities: Yet, notwithſtanding the Clergy have got ſo large a Share of the Wealth of the Nation, there are bigotted Aſſes among the People, who think they cannot have too much Power or Riches, and wiſh they had a great deal more than they have.

At this Place I heard Maſs for the firſt Time. Entering the Chappel, my Eyes were attracted by the Sight of a Man at the Altar, dreſſed in a very antic Manner, with a Parcel of Rattle-traps about him; and turning ſometimes one Way, ſometimes another, with Abundance of ridiculous Geſticulations. He was attended by one who often paſt to and fro behind him, and ſeemed to kiſs his Backſide every Time, ringing a little Bell at certain Intervals. After I had gazed a good while, I ask'd my Companion, *Who that Man was, and what he was doing? That*, reply'd he, *is a Prieſt ſaying Maſs; and what you call Rattle-Traps, are the Sarcedotal Veſtments and Ornaments. Bleſs me*, ſaid I, *I took him for a Harlequin or Judgler, rather than a Clergyman; and what he is about ſeems to me more like conjuring than Devotion. Can Religion conſiſt in ſuch Foppery, or* God *be pleaſed with ſuch Monkey-Tricks and Geſtures? You ſeem then*, ſaid my Friend, *to have no Reliſh for the* Romiſh *Way of Worſhip: Nor ever ſhall*, anſwered I, *ſo long as I have any Underſtanding left, or look upon the Deity to be a rational Being: This, and the monſtrous Idolatry I ſee now committing, in the*

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Worſhip of that Wafer-Idol, has given me a Surfeit of Popery, and makes me conſider Prieſts as the moſt execrable Miſcreants in the World. I ſpoke this with great Indignation; and nobody who had the leaſt Regard imaginable for his Creator, could poſſibly do otherwiſe, at ſeeing the only adorable Being, ſo impudently, as well as wickedly, affronted, as it were to his Face, by an Agent of the Devil.

By that Time we had taken a Survey of the Monaſtery, it drew towards Dinner-time, and we returned to the Inn, where we were very merry. We all eat heartily coming off Sea; and after Dinner had a Bowl of Punch, to drink our Friends at *London*. I could have paſſed my Time very agreeably, had I had but an Eſtate to have taken my Pleaſure: But when I conſidered that I had diſobliged all my Friends; and, that in Caſe my Godmother ſhould not be diſpoſed to keep me, I ſhould be in Danger of ſtarving, as ſoon as my Money was ſpent, which did not exceed Twenty Pounds: Whenever I reflect on theſe Matters, I ſay, a Damp ſeized my Spirits; though now I was on Land again, ſuch Thoughts never oppreſſed me ſo violently as they had done at Sea.

I drank more of the Punch than I choſe to do, having, in ſome Meaſure, been obliged to do as the reſt of the Company did. When we had ſpent about a Guinea among us, we were for parting. One of the Gentlemen, whom I ſhall call FREEMAN, was always very civil to me, inſomuch that I was afraid he

had made ſome Diſcoveay of the Secret; or, at leaſt had a Suſpicion that I was not of the ſame Sex I appeared to be of. He asked me, *Which Way I was going?* and ſaid, *He would be very ready to ſhew me any Part of the Town; for that he was well acquainted with it.* As I knew no-body yet, and could not ſpeak the Language, I gladly accepted his Offer; and the rather, as he was a very civil, polite, handſome Man, which made me take a great deal of Pleaſure in his Company. I told him, *I ſhould be very glad to know where he lived, and would make bold to call and ſee him.*

We then entered into more familiar Converſation. He asked me, *Whether I came about Buſineſs, or had any Relations in* Portugal? I told him, *I had one, whoſe Wife was my Godmother; and that about Twelve Years before, they had deſired my Mother to let me come over to them, knowing that my Father died when I was young, and that ſhe was not able to keep me till I was fit to go out Apprentice; that my Mother, not caring to part with me, being her only Child, was not pleaſed to ſend me; but that dying lately, I came away ſoon after without the Knowledge of any of my Relations in* England, *in Hopes thoſe here would do ſomething for me. However,* I added, *That as it was twelve Years ſince my Mother received any Letter from them, it was poſſible that they were removed from* Liſbon; *and that as I could not ſpeak the Language, I was unable to find them out.* He then asked me their Name, and where they lived? which I told him. He ſaid, *He knew them very*

very well: But, continued he, *you come to ſee a Perſon who is in his Grave; and whoſe Wife and Son are returned to* England.

It growing dark, he here broke off the Diſcourſe, ſaying, *He could not ſtay any longer at preſent; but that, as I was diſappointed in what I came in queſt of, and it was very dear lodging at theſe* Engliſh *Houſes, if I would go with him, I ſhould be very welcome to lye at his, and then he would tell me the whole Affair.* Upon this we took Leave of our Company, and proceeded towards *Lisbon*. I thought it odd to ſee the Country women with Boots riding on Aſſes, and others on Mules, which this Country doth not want; for theſe Mules are very ſtrong, but obſtinate Animals. My Companion ſaid, that he had one of them, after he had got a little Way, he could not get the Mule to go, but ſtood kicking, and the Mob round him laughing and telling him Mr. Stranger, for ſo they call the *Engliſh*, you had beſt get off, for the Mule knows you are an Heretick. Within three Miles of it, we came to *Alcantra*, where I was raviſh'd with the delightful Proſpect, and fragrant Smell of the Oranges and Lemons, which perfumed the very Air. We met ſeveral Companies of young Men and Women; ſome with Muſical Inſtruments and Dancing, but very different from ours; others ſitting down under the Rocks, which is very cool and refreſhing in Summer-time. Out of ſome of theſe Rocks the Water is continually dropping; and this, which is reckoned the beſt of Water, is much

much valued by the *Portugueze*, who drink nothing elſe.

Here I found, what is reported of the *Portugueſe* locking up the Women in their Houſes, to be falſe: On the contrary, it is eaſier to come acquainted with a *Portugueſe* young Woman, than an *Engliſh* one. For, if any young Man, well dreſſed, happens, in paſſing along the Streets, to ſee a Girl whom he likes at a Window, he has nothing to do but walk ſeveral Times by the Door, till ſhe takes Notice of him: For the *Portugueſe* Women are, for the Generality, at the Windows. Sometimes he may ſtand for an Hour at the Corner of the Street, and never caſt an Eye towards any Window but hers; and be ſure to ſmile every Time ſhe looks at him. Then the next *Sunday*, he ſhould be ready near the Houſe to follow her to Church, and kneel juſt by her; ſo as to have the Pleaſure of making his Love Motions all Maſs-time, or putting a Letter into her Hand. And if he ſhould not be very expert in the Art of Courtſhip, very likely ſhe may write to him firſt, or ſend ſomebody after him, to let him know that ſhe deſires he would write to her; as will appear more at large in the Sequel of this Account.

As ſoon as we came to Mr. FREEMAN's, we found a good Supper prepared for us: For, he had ſent Word of his Arrival, and that he would be at home the ſame Night. He had no Opportunity of telling me about my Relation that Evening; which was ſpent very agree-

agreeably. After Supper, I was ſhewed where to lye; and when I went to Bed, I took care to put the Candle out before I undreſſed myſelf: That, in caſe there were any Peep-Holes about the Room, and he ſhould have the Curioſity to look in (as there was Reaſon to believe he would, if he had any Suſpicion) he might be diſappointed. The next Morning I ask'd him, *If he was willing to let me lodge at his Houſe, till ſuch Time as I could ſettle myſelf there; or, in Caſe of a Failure, return to* England? Telling him, *That I would pay whatever in Reaſon be demanded.* He anſwered, *That I ſhould be welcome to ſtay any ſhort Time without paying any Thing.* But, as he was under no Obligation to me, and I thought it beſt not to be under ſo much to him, I told him, *That though I ſhould be very glad to be in the ſame Houſe with him, I had not the leaſt Intention to give him the Trouble of a Lodger, without making a proper Return:* And accordingly I agreed to give him a Guinea a Week, Boarding included.

In the Afternoon I was for going to a Tavern to talk Matters over, and hear what he would adviſe me to do. But I found it was not there as it is here; for their Taverns are like Dog-Kennels, and it is a Diſgrace to be ſeen to go into one of them: So we went to the *Engliſh* Coffee-houſe, which is the Place where all the Merchants meet about Buſineſs. When we were ſeated, I deſired Mr. FREEMAN to give me an Account of my Relation,

as

as he had promiſed? Which he did in the following Manner.

It is about two Years ago, ſay'd he, *That Mr.* SMITHSON *was ſeized with a violent Pain in his Side: Which increaſing, inſtead of diminiſhing, he was adviſed to ſend for an eminent Phyſician, who lodged at the Houſe of one Mrs.* TURLOUGH, *by the Water Side, in the* Iriſh-Town, *as they call it, becauſe it is inhabited for the moſt Part by* Iriſh; *and here all the* Engliſh *Sailors ſpend their Money. This Mr.* TURLOUGH, *who was a* Romaniſt, *as moſt of the* Iriſh *are, had a Daughter who was accounted a perfect Beauty. She could dance, ſing, and play upon the Spinnet, as well as any Maſters of thoſe Arts. Young* SMITHSON, *going to Mrs.* TURLOUGH's, *to ſpeak to the Phyſician, happened to ſee her beautiful Daughter, and preſently fell in Love with her. It was not long, before he made his Paſſion known to Miſs, who admitted him as a Spark; and he, from thenceforward, paid his Viſits very aſſiduouſly: Which his Father's Illneſs, that continued about eleven Months, gave him an Opportunity of doing, under Colour of going to the Doctor.*

After his Father's Death, he uſed to go ſee his Miſtreſs every Day, and ſeldom came home before One or Two o'Clock in the Morning: By which Means he neglected his Buſineſs; ſo that, in Four or Five Months Time, it began to decline from the good Condition his Father had left it in. All this while his Mother knew nothing of the Matter; and the firſt News ſhe heard

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relating to it, was, that he was juſt upon the Point of going to be marry'd. Upon this, ſhe ſpoke to him about it, and got ſome Friends to repreſent to him, in a proper Manner, that ſuch a Marriage muſt inevitably prove his Ruin. The young Man had Prudence enough to liſten to their Advice, and conſented to return to England *the firſt Opportunity, whither his Mother followed him, as ſoon as ſhe had ſetted all her Affairs at* Liſbon. By this Relation, I perceived one eſſential Overſight in laying my Scheme; that is, in undertaking it before I knew whether the Perſons, on whom I depended, were dead or alive, were in *Portugal*, or elſewhere: However, it being too late now to remedy the Miſtake, I made myſelf eaſy. I paſſed the Remainder of the Evening at the Coffee-houſe, with Mr. FREEMAN, in Chat of one Kind or other; and, when it drew towards Bed-time, we walked home together.

Not long after this, I became acquainted with a Student, who was born in *Portugal*, tho' his Father was a *Frenchman*. To him, alſo, having made known my Caſe, he told me, *That if I would come and lodge at their Houſe, it ſhould not coſt me above Half what it did where I was.* As I was very glad of any Opportunity to husband my Cash, I preſently accepted of the Offer. So ſoon therefore as the Week was up at my old Lodging, I went to my new one, where I found every Thing after the *Portugueſe* Faſhion. At Dinner, the Cloath was ſpread upon the Ground; on which they ſat to eat their Victuals. For my Part,

I told them, *I could not eat my Meat in that indecent Manner:* So I had a Napkin lay'd on the Table, and a Knife and Fork was brought with the Plate. They had but one Knife among them all: As for the *Portugueſe*, they ſcarce know what Knives and Forks are. There was a Gentleman of that Nation at Dinner, at an *Engliſh* Houſe, and I believe he never had ſeen ſuch Utenſils before; for he did not know how to make Uſe of them. Talking of this Subject, ſometime after, among ſome Company who were *Engliſh*, one of them ſaid, *He ſaw a Countryman firſt ſtick the Meat on the Fork with his Fingers, and then put it into his Mouth:* And another Gentleman ſaid, *That once he had a* Portugueſe *Man Servant; and being bid to clean the Knives and Forks, he put the Diſh-water on, and was going to waſh them, as you do Plates.* As I know the *Portugueſe* to be very ignorant People, I do not at all doubt the Truth of it.

The common Sort of People burn nothing elſe but Oil, in a little Tin Lamp, open at the Top, which they hang up againſt the bare Wall; for they have no Wainſcoat: As for the Gentry, they make Uſe of Wax Candles, and have their Rooms hung with Tapiſtry. The Dreſs of both Gentry and Commonalty, are alike; alike alſo is their Vanity. I knew a Shoemaker, who lived hard by us, and very often I have ſeen him put on his Cloak, only to croſs the Way with Shoes, to dry them in the Sun: And when he went abroad about any Buſineſs, he uſed to wear his red Cloaths

with

with Silver Buttons, and his Sword by his Side, the Point almoſt trailing the Ground. Likewiſe the Barber, when he goes to ſhave, carries nothing but his Razor, and he has his Eſpado under his Cloak; or if he is dreſſed, then he has a Sword by his Side. This is no ſtrange Sight in *Portugal*; for the very Porters there, of a *Sunday*, will wear their Eſpado's, which, excepting the Handle, reſembles a Spit more than a Sword, and is much longer.

However, to do the *Portugueſe* but Juſtice, I muſt needs declare in their Behalf, that they are very civil to Foreigners; for often when I had loſt my Way, I have met with Gentlemen, who have gone half a Mile out of their own, to put me into mine again. I wiſh I could ſay, that we reſemble the *Portugueſe* in this good Quality: But, indeed, we, for the Generality, think much to tell a Stranger which is the Way, let alone going to ſhew it him; and inſtead of treating him with all the good Manners which the Rules of Hoſpitality require, ſet ourſelves to affront and ridicule him. Juſt as I remember it happened at *Dover*, the Day I landed, on my Return, when, walking along, I obſerved at ſome Diſtance before me a Parcel of Sailors, turning a very well-dreſſed Man, firſt on one Side, then to another, laughing and appearing very merry all the while. Coming up to them, I aſked one of them, *What had the Perſon done, that they pulled and hawled him ſo? Done, Sir*, reply'd the Tar, ſneering, *Why, he's a* French-

man, *he's a* Frenchman, and turn'd from me to make his Game with the reſt. I told another, *That they ſhould conſider he was a Stranger, and not uſe him ill:* But it was to no Purpoſe. I obſerved ſome of the Town-Folks looking on, who, inſtead of deſiring the rough Sons of NEPTUNE to deſiſt, ſeemed much delighted with the Sport, which gave me more Concern ſtill.

This rude brutiſh Behaviour, in my Opinion, is ſo far from breeding a martial Spirit in the common People, as ſome Politicians pretend, that it muſt render them intractable to Diſcipline; and, conſequently, unfit for good Soldiers: Beſids, 'tis commonly obſerv'd, that Perſons of true Courage are always the moſt civil, while Bullies and Ruffians are the greateſt Cowards. But, ſuppoſing this Licence given the Vulgar, did nouriſh a martial Spirit, could that countervail the numerous Evils it produces (being the Cauſe of the many Outrages, Barbarities and Murders which are daily committed in this great City) eſpecially as the Strength and Security of this Country, being an Iſland, does not depend on a ſtanding Army. Good Manners ſeems to be the very Foundation of Government, ſin e the more civilized People are, the more obedient they muſt needs be to good Magiſtrates; tho' perhaps the more ready to oppoſe bad ones, who therefore may think it their Intereſt to encourage a Diſpoſition amongſt the People that may keep them at Variance, and take off their Attention to public Affairs: But Miniſ-

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ters, who have the Good of the Nation in View, will always take Care to root out those evil Humours, and ſtrictly keep up the Rules of Civility, by puniſhing every abuſive Word, or Inſult, which are the Seeds of popular Animoſities and Quarrels. I am told, that in *China* they ſcold (tho' 'tis rarely any do ſcold) not in *Belinſgate*, but in courtly Terms; and that the higher the Contention riſes, the more complaiſant are the Expreſſions uſed by both Parties; ſo that Strife generally ends in good Humour, and ſeldom, or never, comes to Blows. Why then might not the ſame good Regulations produce the ſame good Effects here? Are the *Engliſh* more incapable of Civility than the *Chineſe*?

In *Portugal* they never have any Fire *Winter* or *Summer*, excepting a little Charcoal in an Earthern Thing, which they can boil about a Pound of Meat upon; and this will ſerve a Family of about Seven or Eight Perſons: For the *Portugueſe* do not each much Fleſh. In the Country 'tis very difficult to meet with any. One Day I walked about Ten Miles from *Lisbon*, and going into a public Houſe, was obliged to eat brown Bread, and ſome ſmall Fiſhes, juſt like Sprats, for want of other Victuals; and my Drink was Water, for their Wine was like Vinegar, not but they have the beſt of Wine, only in the Country they have ſo little Call for it, that it grows ſower before it is out: So that, for the future, when I went into the Country, I always carried my Dinner along with me.

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The Women go all dreſt with black Veils, except the Country Women, who wear Jackets, Coats and Boots. They generally make uſe of Paint, to improve the Features, which diſguiſes them in ſuch a Manner, that the ſame Perſon, at different Times, ſeems to wear two different Faces. A young Lady, who lived over againſt me, received ſo great an Alteration from theſe Daubs, that, altho' I ſaw her every Afternoon, I did not know her in the Morning; but always took her for another Body; till at Length I found out the Cauſe of my Miſtake: For, it ſeems, ſhe did not dreſs herſelf till about Twelve o'Clock, at which Time ſhe made herſelf a new Face, with plaiſtering, and adorn'd her Hair with Jewels, and artificial Flowers. A great many wear Wigs, as our Women do here; which, altho' I account it an unwarrantable Practice, in any but thoſe who have ſome very apparent Defect in their Heir, yet ſtill I think it more decent than Painting: A Cuſtom which is prejudicial to our Sex, without any real Advantage, unleſs it be worth while to ruin our Faces quickly, for the Pleaſure of appearing handſome at a Diſtance. For when you come near a painted Lady, you preſently perceive ſhe has a borrowed Face, or, if you will, a Mask on; and the Moment you are ſenſible the Charms are not her own, the Merit of the *Fucus* vaniſhes. In ſhort, I have obſerved, that all Men abominate Painting in our Sex, and yet we continue the odious Cuſtom, out of a miſtaken Notion: Juſt as we affect extravagantly large

Hoops,

Hoops, thinking them an Advantage to our Shape and Air, tho' in the Opinion of all the Gentlemen I ever converſed with, we look better without any. I grant, a Hoop, like a Wig, may hide ſome natural Defect about a Woman; and, perhaps, a very ſmall Hoop may have its Uſe for walking, in *Summer* as well as *Winter*: But for thoſe exorbitant ones of Two or Three Yards Diameter, I can conceive them of no Uſe, except it be to expoſe the Parts of our Bodies, which ought to be concealed; and make either walking, coaching or ſitting, troubleſome to ourſelves and others.

After this ſhort Survey of the *Portugueſe* Cuſtoms, it may be Time to return to my own Affairs. So long as my Money laſted, I was eaſy, and never thought of returning to *England*: But by this Time it was ſo far ſunk, that if I had a Mind to return, I had not enough left to pay for my Paſſage. What was worſe, I found that in a few Weeks, I ſhould not be able regularly to diſcharge my Lodging and Diet; in which Caſe I expected to be turned out of Doors. Theſe Things brought me at laſt to reflect on my Situation, and conſider what I had to do. Some Days after this, I told my Landlord how Matters ſtood with me; and that *I ſhould be glad if he could help me to a Valet de Chambre's Place, till I could gather as much Money as would carry me back to* England. But as I could not ſpeak the *Portugueſe* Language, he thought it would be an Objection, unleſs he could get me into the

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Service

Service of the *Engliſh* Envoy, or *French* Ambaſſador; in whoſe Families he was acquainted, as making their Wigs. Accordingly he was ſo good as to ſpeak for me at the Ambaſſador's, who happened at that Time to be provided: But he was told, *That the Valet intended to return to* Paris, *in about Two Months Time; and that if I thought fit to officiate as a common Servant till he went away, I ſhould be received, and afterwards ſucceed in his Place.* I accepted of this Place, mean as it was, being glad to ſerve in any Capacity, rather than be expoſed to Neceſſity in a foreign Country; and though I might poſſibly have provided better for myſelf, had I reſumed my natural Dreſs; yet I could not do that without the Knowledge of all my Acquaintance at *Lisbon*, and conſequently ſubjecting myſelf to untoward Reflections from them. I therefore judged it moſt prudent to act the Part of a Lacquey, eſpecially as I propoſed to continue in that Station no longer than till I could make up a little Money to carry me to *England*: For I began to be quite tired of the Place, where there was no Poſſibility of making my Fortune in the Garb I was in, whatever there might have been had I appeared in Women's Cloaths.

Another thing which made *Lisbon* very diſagreeable to me, was the frequent Murders committed there; ſo that I was afraid to be abroad after Dusk. In this City, a *Black* may be hired to kill a Man for the Value of Half a Crown. The Ladies of Pleaſure are gene-

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rally the Occaſſion of theſe horrid Aſſaſſinations: For they very ſeldom murder a Man to rob him. There lived one of this Sort of Cattle, in the Street where I lodged, about whom there was continual Fighting and Broils. One Night I was deſperately frighted with the Noiſe of Swords: A little after which, I heard ſeveral Groans; and caſting my Eye towards this Creature's Door, ſaw a Perſon who appeared like a Gentleman, lying on the Ground. This Sight was very ſhocking to me; nor did it at all diminiſh the Horror, when next Day I was informed, that the unfortunate Perſon was found to be a Fryar in Diſguiſe. For my Reader muſt underſtand, that it is very common, in theſe Countries, for the Clergy, both Regular and Secular, but eſpecially the former, to go a Whoring. By that way of going on is the Reaſon there are ſo many flat and No-noſe Fryers in their Proceſſions. This I took Notice of in the Proceſſion of the Convent of the *Carmé*, when I ſaw ſeveral with their Faces deformed in that Manner, by not getting cured in Time; and yet will laugh at every pretty Girl they ſee, and talk very unbecoming Perſons of their pretended Sanctity and Learning. Nor is it much to be wonder'd at (I will not ſay to be condemn'd, ſince they make a Vow of Continency) conſidering they are not allowed Wives: Which is a grievous Hardſhip impoſed on the *Romiſh* Clergy, for the Temporal Intereſt of the Church; immenſe Riches being by this Means ſecured to it, which otherwiſe would circulate among the

Laity. What is moſt blameable perhaps in theſe Men, is their Hypocriſy and pretended Sanctity, who, at the ſame Time they wallow in Luſt, as well in the Nunneries as the Brothel Houſes, put on the moſt devout Faces, and declaim in the bittereſt Terms, both againſt Fornication and Marriage.

They have ſo many Saints Days in their Kalendar, that I believe one Quarter of the Year is ſet apart for praying to, and adoring, their Gold and Silver Images, made by their own Hands. 'Tis common with them, in caſe of any Misfortune or Danger, preſently to offer up their Prayers to ſome Saint; and promiſe to make him or her a Preſent, provided they overcome their Troubles. I one Day met about a Dozen Sailors, carrying a Sail, and ſinging Hymns. Upon enquiring into the Reaſon of it, they told me, *The Sail belonged to a Ship which had like to have been loſt in a Storm, and the Crew had promiſed to give it St.* Anthony, *or St.* Nicholas (I forget which) *in caſe he delivered them from the Peril they were in; which having done, they were now come to perform their Vow.* I could not forbear ſmiling at this; and telling them, *That the Saints had no Power in Heaven.* They called me *Heretic*; and to ſhew the Reaſonableneſs of their Faith in this Point, made uſe of that ſilly Argument, to be found in the Mouths of Papiſts every where on the ſame Occaſion, namely, *That it is fit we ſhould have Recourſe to* God *by the Saints, as we have to a King or a Nobleman by his Servants. 'Tis true,* ſaid I, *if* God *had ordered it ſo: But ſuppoſe he has forbidden you to approach him in this Manner, and commanded you to*

pray directly to himself, must you not think it sinful to pray to him by your Saints? To which they answered, *Yes*; but ask'd, *Where has* God *so commanded?* I reply'd, *In the Scripture. It may be so*, said they, *but we don't read the Bible: We follow the Commands of the Church. And don't you see*, added they, *the Seamen delivered by the Saint? I see them safe delivered*, said I again: *But how does it appear the Saint had any Thing to do in it? Are all delivered that pray to Saints?* They answered, *They believed they were. Then how come any of your Religion to be drowned*, say'd I; At this they were puzzled, and began to be angry. Then I asked them, *Did not they think Persons might be delivered from Danger, without praying to Saints?* They reply'd, *They believed not. Then how comes it*, said I, *That the* Heretics *who go to Sea, such as the* English *and* Dutch, *are not at all drowned?* Here they grew out of Patience; and, as People usually do when they have nothing to say for themselves, began to rail at me, saying, *I was an Infidel, and deserved to be sent to the Inquisition; for that I was no better than the* Jews, *whom they burn, whenever they discovered them.* Hearing this from People of a bloody, persecuting Religion, and observing the Mob gathering pretty fast about the Place, I thought it best to withdraw in Time.

Anthony is the Patron of *Portugal*, and the Saint to whom they commonly pray as well as to St. *Nicholas*, when in any Danger at Sea. But, as they are very ready to make him Presents, provided he gives Ear to their Petitions, so they think they may be allowed to call him

to Account, and chaſtiſe him in caſe he proves inexorable. As ſoon as a Storm ariſes, they make up a *San Antonio* of Rags. They pray to it, and uſe abundance of kind Expreſſions, to induce it to allay the Tempeſt. When they find fair Words and Entreaties will not avail, they have Recourſe to foul Means. They lay their Saint of Clouts over the Side of the Ship, load it with Reproaches, whip it ſeverely with Rods, and at length, if the Wind ſtill continues violent, throw it into the Sea. An odd Way of treating their Saints! and what could ſcarce be believed of ſo devout a People as the *Portugueſe*, as having ſomething wicked in it, if it was not that we know Superſtition and Bigotry have always a Mixture, both of Folly and Impiety, in their Compoſition.

Agreeable to this, I was told a Paſſage relating to the *Portugueſe*, by a *French* Officer, who had been at the Battle of *Almanza*, ſo fatal to the *Engliſh*. It ſeems, the *Portugueſe*, when they go to War, carry *San Antonio* with them, who is their Generaliſſimo, under whom they fight: Nor will they join Battle till they have received his Orders, which are communicated to them in Writing by Prieſts, who always attend him; juſt as the Prieſts of ancient *Greece* and *Rome* did their Oracles of old. As ſoon as the *French* Army came up, the Lord *Galloway*, who commanded the *Engliſh*, ſent to the *Portugueſe* General to attack them immediately, before they had recovered their Fatigue after a long March: But the Geneneral ſent Word, *That* San Antonio, *who had been conſulted, had returned*

no

no Anſwer; and that he could do nothing till he had firſt received Orders from the Saint. It was Four or Five Days before *San Antonio* vouchſafed to give the Orders; to which Delay, the Loſs of the Battle was chiefly imputed. Perhaps the oracular Prieſts were bribed by the *French*. On the Day of Battle, *San Antonio* was carry'd in a Chariot drawn by ſix white Mules. He reſembled a tall Man, dreſſed in Black, with a black Wig on. The Band of his Hat was made of Jewels; and the Button was a large Diamond of great Value. The *Portugueſe*, who began the Attack, with the Generaliſſimo at their Head, ran away without fighting; and *San Antonio*, who could neither inſpire them with Courage, nor ſave himſelf, was taken Priſoner among the reſt.

As ſoon as this Misfortune was made known at *Lisbon*, the *Portugueſe* ran about the Streets like Madmen, publickly accuſing *San Antonio*, as the Author of their Diſgrace, and vowing Revenge. Accordingly they dreſſed up a Figure to repreſent him, in a ſad deſpicable Garb, which they ſet upon an Aſs, with his Face towards the Tail, and a Rope about his Neck; and in this Manner led him thro' the principal Streets of the City: Reproaching him in the bittereſt Terms, for deſerting them in Battle, and betraying them to the Enemy; calling him *Traitor*, and pelting him with Dirt. After they had treated him in this contemptuous Manner as long as they thought fit, they pulled him off the Aſs, and dragged him with the Rope thro' the Kennels. At length hawling him down to the Side of the

Tajo,

Tajo, ſtill attended by a vaſt Concourſe of People, they tore him to Pieces, burnt his Carcaſs (if one may ſo ſpeak) and threw his Aſhes into the River.

Nor is this Sort of irreligious Frenzy to be found only among the Laity, and the Vulgar: It affects alſo the Clergy, and that in a much higher Degree; as will appear by this other Story following, which I had from the ſame Officer, who was looked upon to be a Gentleman of great Integrity by all who knew him. 'Tis common for the Prieſts abroad, to frequent public Gaming Houſes, as well as Places of Diverſion. One Day that this Gentleman was at a Coffee-Houſe in the *Iriſh-Town*, where there was Gaming, he obſerved among the reſt, the Prieſt of a conſiderable Pariſh, who was very eager at Play; and every Time he won, he took a little Ivory Crucifix out of his Boſom, and ſpeaking a great many kind Words to it, kiſſed it with much Affection. At length Luck turning againſt him, the Crucifix became the Object of his Fury. He firſt began by reproaching it in very ſtrange Terms, as the Cauſe of his Loſſes: Then he cuffed it with his Hand, and with horrid Oaths and Curſes, ſtruck it againſt the Table, till he broke an Arm off. At laſt the Dice running ſtill more againſt him, he ran to a Window, which looked into the *Tajo*, and after venting a Thouſand Blaſphemies upon the Crucifix, in a great Rage flung it into the River. Had he outraged the *Virgin Mary*, *Dominic*, or any other of their pretended Saints, in a far leſs Degree than

than this, 'tis very probable he would have been cited before the Inquiſition; the Holy Church being more zealous to vindicate the Honour of their Saints than of GOD or CHRIST. The Reaſon is plain, becauſe it gets more by them: And this is the Reaſon alſo why the People are taught to ſay Ten *Ave-Maria*'s, for one *Pater-Noſter*.

Lisbon is full of Images or Idols; not only every Street but every Houſe almoſt, has a Saint or Croſs ſtuck up, with a Lamp burning all Night before it, about which all the Neighbours crowd every Evening to pay their Devotions. The Clergy are ſo induſtrious to propagate the Uſe of Images every where, that they are ſet up in all the Highways throughout the Kingdom. It was ſo in *England*, I am told, in Popiſh Times. Theſe rural Images are more numerous toward the Capital; in all the Avenues to which, at certain Diſtances by the Road Side, there are Places for Travellers to ſay their Prayers in. In the City, every Morning about Twelve o'Clock, and at Dusk, a Bell rings in each Church, at the Sound of which, all the common People kneel down in the Street, to con over their Beeds; as to the Gentlemen, they ſay it ſtanding, for fear of daubing their Cloaths: Neither does the Prieſt take the Pains to get off his Horſe; for my Reader muſt know that it is very common there for Fryers and Prieſts to ride about Town with Spectacles, to make People believe they are Men of Learning.

That

That which hath eſtabliſhed this univerſal Fondneſs and Devotion for Saints and their Images, is the Notion that they can and do help them: Which is craftily inculcated by their deceitful Prieſts; and ſo firmly believed by the Generality of the People of all Ranks, that they pray to them for their Aſſiſtance on all manner of Occaſions. If a Woman has a Husband abroad, ſhe will pray to the Saint to bring him home ſafe, and ſoon. If ſhe ſhould begin to grow an old Maid, ſhe likewiſe has a Saint to apply to, in order to get her a Husband. But as, for the moſt Part, the Supplicants do not obtain the Benefits they apply for, eſpecially thoſe of the laſt Kind, (for ſcarce One Old Maid in Ten, in *Spain* or *Portugal*, gets a Husband after all their Praying) One would think the frequent Diſappointments would open their Eyes, and convince them, that all the Prieſts told them of the Power of Saints was a mere cheat: Inſtead of this, like thoſe who are infatuated with a Belief in Fortunetellers, they believe on; and if One Thing in Twenty happens, which they pray for to the Saint, 'tis ſufficient to eſtabliſh his Credit with them. In ſhort, whenever the Parties fail to obtain the End of their Petitions, thoſe who hear of it, cry, *They were not good enough, and for that Reaſon the Saint would not grant their Requeſts:* Which is an artful Turn, ſuggeſted by the Prieſts, to obviate all objections; and ſtands for ſolid Argument, with a very ſuperſtituous, and (I may almoſt ſay) wilfully blind People.

The

The *Portugueſe* have their Patron Saints for all Sorts of Diſtreſſes and Afflictions: Not only for grievous Diſeaſes, as the Plague, Fevers, Agues, Palſies, Convulſions and the like, but even for the ſlighteſt Indiſpoſitions, as the Tooth-ach, and Green-Sickneſs: For the firſt of which, they invoke St. *Apollonia*, and St. *Veniſa* for the latter. Nay, they have Saints for the Cure of Diſtempers in Beaſts and Fowls, even to the Pip. What is more ſtrange, they haveRecourſe to them asFortune-tellers, applying to *San Antonio*, for recovering ſtolen Goods. Thus you ſee the *Romiſh* Clergy, not content with having gotten one Fifth or Sixth Part of the Wealth of the Nation into their Hands, have invaded the Province of the Phyſicians, and even the Aſtrologers; as if they envy'd their Succeſs, and wanted to take thoſe gainful Trades out of the Hands of the Gentlemen of the Faculty. They are ſo voracious, that, if they could, they would engroſs the Buſineſs of all Trades, tho' their own is of itſelf more beneficial than all the others put together. And even as it is, ſome Churches deal in Wine, Oil, Corn, and other Commodities. An *Engliſh* Tradeſman told me, That he had a Prieſt bought Goods of him for a Friend out of Town, and wanted an Allowance, and deſired if the Gentleman ſhould call at any Time, to ſay, he gave ſo much more than he did, which I think was a Scandal to a Prieſt. Theſe are them that don't take the Vows of Poverty; their Dreſs is of the beſt Stuff, and they eat the beſt the Land affords. And when

as the others wear a courſe Rag next to the Skin, go bare-footed, and never hardly any Money, they have Places they go conſtantly once a Week to beg, where ſome allow a Loaf, others a Mager of Oil, or any Sort of Eatables

But tho' the *Portugueſe* have ſuch a Crowd of Saints to protect them, I do not find that they are at all freer from Misfortunes and Diſtempers, than the *Engliſh*, or other Heretic Nations, who put no Truſt in them: Which is enough to convince me, and I think any reaſonable Perſon, that the Doctrine of the Power and Invocation of Saints, as recommended and practiſed in the Church of *Rome*, is a barefaced Cheat, and wicked Superſtition.

The Miracles and Stories which they tell of theſe Saints, are ſo monſtrous and ridiculous, that one would think they were invented only to be told for Diverſion on Winter Evenings, and to make People laugh. But I ſhall not enter upon a Subject which would carry me too far, where I once engaged in it. The *Portugueſe* have ſo many Holidays, that the common People had need of good Eſtates to ſupport themſelves without working, and at the ſame Time contribute to maintain ſo many Thouſand Eccleſiaſtics in Idleneſs. For my Part, I think no Slavery can be more abject than that, where the Induſtrious are obliged to maintain Drones; or, the latter ſuffered to enrich themſelves with the Spoils of the former. They have above 500 Saints in their Almanack, out of which 120 are of their own getting:

getting: So that every Day in the Year is a Holiday, in one Pariſh or another; where only the Day is kept, unleſs it be a general Holiday, which all the Pariſhes obſerve. When the Saint's Day comes, who, as I mentioned before, is reverenced in any Street, they adorn his Image with Flowers, hang the Street with Silk Curtains, and light up a great many Wax Candles. They hire alſo ſeveral Merryandrews, with Drums and Trumpers to divert the People. Then very likely about Nightfal, there comes a Jeſuit and preaches a Sermon, wherein the great Merit of the Saint and his Miracles are extol'd, with certain ſeaſonable Exhortations to Charity, in order to ſqueeze out the Pence from the Auditors: Which is the chief, if not ſole End of theſe Religious Farces.

The Image of the *Virgin Mary*, whom they call the *Mother of* God (a Blaſphemy which always ſhocked me to hear) is to be ſeen in every Church, with the Child *Jeſus* in her Arms. They dreſs her out in blue Silk, made in the *French* Faſhion, and adorn her with Jewels, which theſe Churches are in no want of. The Child *Jeſus* is generally dreſs'd in red Cloaths, with Silver-laced red Heel Shoes and white Wig, which comes down to the Middle of his Waſte. I went one Day to ſee a Proceſſion; in which, among ſeveral other Images, they carry'd that of *Chriſt*, bearing his Croſs. The honeſt Prieſts made the People believe, that the Hair, Beard, and Nails of this Image grow continually. It is carry'd about Five Miles, attended with ſuch a Concourſe of Peo-

ple, that ſeveral are almoſt ſtifled in the Crowd. Many will follow it bare-footed; and all of them expreſs a great deal of Zeal on the Occaſion. An *Engliſh* Merchant, in his Chariot, happening to meet the Proceſſion as it paſſed along, ordered his Coachman to drive on. This gave ſuch Offence to an old Woman, who ſtood by me, and expected everybody ſhould have as much Devotion for Images as herſelf, that ſhe cry'd out, *Stop, Coachman! are you not aſhamed to interrupt the Proceſſion?* And pointing to the Image, ſaid, *There is one who can ſoon make you ſtop.* The Woman thought, perhaps, the Coachman would not have had the Power to move a Step: But he went on.

The worſhipping Images is ſuch groſs Idolatry, and ſo directly contrary to the ſecond Command, that, in this Country, where the Liberty of reading the Scripture is allowed, the Popiſh Prieſts think it adviſable not to enjoin Image-worſhip to their Followers; and are often ſo hardy as to deny that it is the Doctrine of their Church. But ſhould any Perſon offer to ſay in *Portugal*, that the Images of Saints, as well as the Saints themſelves, ought not to be worſhipped, he would run the Risk of being ſeverely puniſhed. And the Practice of the People, of all Ranks, would ſoon convince the moſt obſtinate Papiſt, that Image-worſhip is the Doctrine of the Church of *Rome*; or, at leaſt, that the *Portugueſe*, in general, worſhip Images, without any Reſerve: As if they believed the Power of the Saint, whoſe

whoſe Image it is, was communicated to it; and that they expected as much Benefit from the Image, as from the Saint himſelf: Which, in Fact, they might.

It is uſual, with the common People, to ask a Stranger, *Are you a Heretick?* And in Caſe he anſwers, *No*, they conclude he is of their own Religion. One Day as I was viewing a Church, an old Woman came to me, and ask'd me, *Whether I was a Romaniſt?* I told her, *I was not. Then*, ſaid ſhe, *would you not like to be of this Reiligion? You ſee what fine Churches, and fine Saints we have, all richly adorned! Your Religion, I dare ſay, is nothing to be compared to ours for Splendor. Had you not beſt turn*, continued ſhe, *and ſave your Soul? 'Tis pitty ſo clever a young Fellow as you ſhould be damned: Beſides you will get Five Pounds, and a new Suit of Cloaths by the Bargain*; which is what the Queen gives to every one who turns. I told her as well as I could, *That Money would not make me change my Principles; that I did not underſtand ſelling my Conſcience, which I ſaid was the ſure Way to damn my Soul; and that if I was not in the Way of Salvation then, I ſhould be infinitely farther from it, were I of her Religion. As to your Churches*, continued I, *I grant they are abundantly finer than ours; but I do not ſuppoſe their Fineneſs is any Proof of their Purity. For my Part, I look upon it as an Argument of the contrary, and therefore hope ours will never be ſo fine; believing that my Prayers will be as acceptable to* God *in a plain homely Church, as in one adorned with coſtly Gildings,*

and

and ſtuck out with Silver Images. Such ſumptuous Fabrics, I went on, *are more for the Service of the Clergy, than of the Deity, who is not pleaſed with gaudy Shews, nor deſires that the People ſhould be impoveriſhed, under Pretence of building magnificent Temples; which, after all, are erected to the Uſe, as well as Honour, of your Saints, rather than of* God. Having expreſſed myſelf in theſe Terms, the old Woman went from me in a Paſſion, exclaiming againſt Heretical Pravity, and ſaying, *Since I was reſolved to go to Hell, I might for her.*

The next Thing I was a Spectator of, was their ſhocking Way of doing Penance, which is commonly in *Lent.* The Prieſts are very ſtrict to inflict Penance on thoſe who diſobey the Orders of the Church, and ſuch as cannot buy it off (for Money can do every Thing with them) muſt undergo it. Some go upon their Knees through the Streets, from one Church to another, or walk three or four Miles barefooted, with a Crucifix in their Hand; and every Seven Steps, they'll kneel down and ſay a *Pater-Noſter*, and Seven *Ave-Mary*'s. Others will perform this Penance crawling upon All-Four. But, the moſt diſagreeable Sight, was to ſee them whip their naked Backs and Shoulders through the Streets, the Blood running down to the Ground. By which rigorous Diſcipline may kill themſelves, and ſo may be ſaid to be their own Murderers. But as they do it by Order of their Church, and in Puniſhment of their Sins, they are ſo far from thinking it a Crime, that they believe nothing can be more meri-

meritorious than to die thus by their own Hands: Being fully perſwaded that thereby they ſhall go directly to Heaven, without paſſing thro' the Pains of *Purgatory*.

I knew a *Portugueſe Fidalgo*, or Gentleman, whom, by his Way of living, one would have taken to be a Madman; and indeed all Bigots and Enthuſiaſts, may properly enough be ſaid to be afflicted with a Religious Madneſs. He was extremely devout, uſed to go to Maſs every Day, and do Penance very often; I ſuppoſe when he had no Occaſion, juſt as hippiſh People take Phyſic. Yet for all his Praying and Faſting, he was afraid of his own Shadow, and had two Servants to ſit up every Night with him, or elſe he could not ſleep: For every little Noiſe he heard, he concluded it was ſome Apparition, or, that the Devil was coming to fetch him. It ſeems he had been a very wild Spark in his young Days; and now, when he could ſin no longer, he thought it time to make his Peace with GOD: Altho' he ſeemed by his Fear to have no great Confidence either in a late (and Sort of forced) Repentance, or, in the various Means his Church propoſes to aſſure the moſt veteran Sinners of Salvation.

His Houſe had not been waſhed for Ten Years. The Rooms were dark, and very well furniſhed with Spiders, which abound in this hot Country: But as he did not like their Company, he gave Six-pence a Dozen for killing them; and ſo much a-piece for catching the Rats, which ſwarmed in the Houſe, being very

very old. His Bed was plentifully ſtocked with Buggs, which are very troubleſome here in Summer; and if he happend to get up in the Night, his Legs were all over black with Fleas. This Gentleman kept Servants to do very little Work: It was the Buſineſs of one, to ſhut the Windows and Doors at Night; of another to light him, and ſee that every Thing was faſt. He uſed to have a Bottle of Water by his Bedſide to drink in the Night, and had a Servant to fill it: He had another to empty his Chamber-Pot every Morning. Before he went to Bed, he was ſure to take his Lamp and ſee whether the Chamber Door (which was always double locked, and barred with an Iron Bar) was faſt; and once looking would not do, for he would examine it four or five Times over: Nay, ſometimes he would get out of Bed for fear he had neglected to lock the Door, and would look under it to ſee if any Body lay concealed there. As ſoon as he was laid down, the Footman uſed to put the Lamp out, and light a Wax Candle, which burnt all Night long. Laſtly, that nothing might be omitted neceſſary for the Safety of his Perſon, by his Bedſide was placed his dreadful Eſpado naked, and a Brace of Piſtols well charged. In this Security he went to reſt at Night; and in the Day, that his Soul might be as ſafe as his Body, he was always with his Beads in his Hand: So that he play'd at Cards and ſaid his Prayers both at once.

About Twelve Miles to the *North* of *Liſbon*, in a Part of the Country where I uſed ſometimes

times to go for Pleaſure, there lived another *Fidalgo* of as odd a Turn, either of Humour or Brain, as the former, but in many Things was quite the Reverſe of him: For he had no Eſtate or Income at all, nor any Way of getting Money. He was ſo far from having many Servants about him to do the Buſineſs of his Houſe, that he had not ſo much as one: He was his own Caterer, his own Cook, his own Valet, his own Taylor, his own Laundreſs, his own Gardener, *&c.* In ſhort, he dwelt alone, and did every Thing himſelf. No Hermit ever lived more recluſe, He viſited no body, nor went to any Place of Reſort; nay, was ſcarce ever ſeen abroad: For his Hours of going out were thoſe when others were a-ſleep. And yet, under all theſe Inconveniencies, whenever any Gentlemen went to ſee him, (as ſometimes there would, out of Curioſity, tho' he did not covet Company he treated them with Fowl and Fiſh, either roaſted or boil'd, potted or in Pyes; alſo with Variety of Fruit of his own rearing, and Wine of his own making.

To explain this Riddle, our Solitary uſed to go out every Morning early, either a Fowling or Fiſhing; and when he returned home, he dreſſed his Proviſion in various Manners, as he thought fit. He had a Garden well ſtock'd with Fruit Trees, and a little Vineyard; both which he cultivated himſelf. He made his own Cloaths, even his Linnen and Shoes; made and baked his own Bread, and cleaned his own Houſe, which was very neat and decently furniſhed. Does not this Inſtance ſhew that every

Man may provide all Sorts of Neceſſaries for himſelf without the Aſſiſtance of others; and that, conſequently, it is the Exceſs of Pride and Luxury, that Fifty People ſhould be employ'd to do theſe Things about a Perſon, which he was able to do himſelf?

Now to my own Adventures again. I lived Three Months at the *French* Ambaſſador's very well, and was uſed with a great deal of Civility, till I happened to incur the Diſpleaſure of one of the Maids, who ſeemed to have taken a Liking to me, and wanted me to court her. She was very ready to do any Thing for me, and took more than ordinary Pains to make herſelf acceptable: But finding I did not return her Kindneſs, not ſo much as with a Kiſs, her Love at laſt changed to Malice; ſo that ſhe began to uſe me ill, and raiſe falſe Reports of me to the Ambaſſador's Lady; who, as is the Cuſtom with Perſons of mean Extraction, encouraged her Servants to tell Tales of one another. One Day my young Miſtreſs being a little out of Order, I happened, in paſſing by her Room, to ask her how ſhe did. This was enough for *Miſchief Maker*, as I called her, to lay a Plot for getting me turned away. Accordingly, as ſoon as ſhe had an Opportunity, ſhe told her Lady, *That I wanted to debauch her young Miſtreſs:* Adding, *That I had been in her Chamber talking with her, and took a great many unbecoming Liberties.*

Such an Accuſation as this, might have ruined a *Joſeph* in *Portugal:* But I knew I was ſafe, as carrying the Proof of my Innocence about

about me, which, at the worſt, I could but produce in my Defence. When I was called to give an Account of myſelf, I deny'd all, and inſiſted, *That nothing was more falſe than the Charge.* I ſaid, *It was true that I had a very great Reſpect for my young Miſtreſs; but that it was the Reſpect only which a Servant ought to have: That I always contained myſelf within the Bounds of my Duty, and obſerved the Diſtance which my Station required*; adding, *That no Perſon in my Place would preſume to take the leaſt Freedom with her Daughter, without ſome Encouragement firſt from her; a Thing, which,* I ſaid, *ſhe had too much Prudence, as well as Modeſty, to be guilty of.* But all I could ſay ſignified nothing; my Lady would not believe either her Daughter or me: So I had Warning given me to be gone. I ſhould have been glad of the Occaſion to get away, had I but had Money enough for my intended Retreat: But as my Caſh was ſtill ſome Pounds ſhort, I had reſolved before-hand to acquaint her with the Part I acted, rather than quit the Service; knowing that I might ſpend the Money I had ſaved before I got another Place; and then I was as far to ſeek as ever. Hereupon I told her, *I was able to give her undeniable Proof of the Falſity of the Accuſation; and was willing to do ſo, provided ſhe would promiſe not to divulge the Secret to any body:* Which ſhe readily agreed to. Having related my Adventure, ſhe was ſatisfied; and my Accuſer was turned off herſelf, for giving falſe Information.

Not many Days after, as I was looing out of a Window, I eſpy'd a young Lady, at another in the Houſe oppoſite ours, ogling me. Every Time I caſt my Eye on her ſhe ſmiled, ſo that I could not forbear ſmiling too; and as often as I went to the Window I was ſure to ſee her. One Evening that I walk'd abroad, at ſome little Diſtance from the Ambaſſador's, a Foot-Boy came up to me, who I knew belonged to this Lady, and told me, *That Miſs ——— gave her Service to me, and deſired that I would write to her.* It was a good while before I could underſtand him (not being expert enough at the *Portugueſe*) but at laſt making a Shift to pick out his Meaning, I bid him preſent my kind Reſpects to the young Lady, and ſaid, *I would do myſelf that Honour.* The ſame Night I ſaw the young Student, at whoſe Father's I had lodged before I went to the Ambaſſador's; and acquainting him with this new Adventure, he ſaid, *He would write a Letter for me, if I pleaſed.* Upon which I went home with him, and ſtaid till he wrote the Billet and explained it to me.

This took up ſo much Time, that it was Twelve o'Clock before I left his Houſe; and juſt as I got to the Corner of the Street where I lived, Two Fellows coming up to me, one held a Knife to my Throat, and ſwore, *If I made a Noiſe he would ſtick me*, while the other took what little Money I had about me; and had it not been for a Coach that came by, they would have quite ſtripped me. I never was ſo frighten'd in my Life; and this Acci-

dent

dent gave me ſuch an Abhorrence to the Place, that I was never eaſy till I got out of it; though, perhaps, had I fallen into the Hands of our own Street-Robbers, I ſhould not have fared ſo well. For tho' the *Portugueſe* make nothing of killing a Man, to gratify their Revenge, they ſeldom kill, or even ill-treat, thoſe they rob, as the Thieves do here.

Now I had gotten the Letter, I knew not how to convey it to this young Damſel, being quite unacquainted with their Ways of Courtſhip, but ſhe took Care not to let me be long at a Loſs; for as I ſtood ſpeaking to a Perſon at the Door, ſhe ſent one to ask me, *Whether I had remembered her?* I preſently gueſſed for what, and ſo gave the Meſſenger the Letter. I thought this a very odd Method of Courting; and what ſtill ſurprized me more was, to ſee the Girls ſo forward: But when one conſiders the Matter rightly, he will find, that it all depends on Cuſtom, which fixes the Rule differently in different Countries, without wounding Virtue more in one than another; and I have ſometimes been apt to think that it might be much better for our Sex, was the Way made as eaſy here for a Woman to diſcloſe her Mind, as 'tis for a Man: For, I am ſenſible, many of our Sex miſs of the Men who could have made them happy, becauſe they would not break through the Cuſtom of *England*, to follow that of *Portugal*; and tho' there are Ways of ſaving a Woman the Shame of a Declaration, by the Intervention of a Female Friend, who orders it ſo that the firſt

Advances

Advances ſhall come from the Gentleman, yet ſome Ladies are ſo careful of their Reputation, that they would rather languiſh, and even run the Risk of being miſerable, than take ſuch a Courſe: And thus many a deſerving Man has miſſed of making his Fortnne, and many a valuable Woman of getting an accompliſhed Husband. Nay, Perſons of ſuitable Fortunes and Inclinations, have often miſſed of coming together, becauſe the Gentleman has been timorous, and the Lady nice.

I ſhould not have been able to carry on this Intrigue, but for the Aſſiſtance of the Student. Miſs was not long before ſhe wrote me an Anſwer, which I thought very engaging from ſo young a Creature; and if I had really been, what I ſeemed to be, it muſt have made ſome Impreſſion on my Heart. But as it was otherwiſe with me, I was ſorry to think ſhe ſhould be ſo unlucky to throw away her Love on one who was not capable of returning it in the Manner ſhe expected. As ſoon as I received the Billet, I went to my Secretary, whom I may alſo call my Confidant, and got him to read as well as explain it Twenty Times over; for I could not read Ten Words of it myſelf. I ſhall give the Tranſlation as near the Original as may be, that the Reader may have a Specimen of the Genius of the *Portugueſe* Ladies, on Love Occaſions.

My Love,

Who are ſo much the Joy of my Heart, and Delight of my Life, the whole Employment of my Thoughts!

Thoughts! I cannot expreſs the greateſt Satisfaction your Letters gave me. But to me they are not Letters, but Diamonds, which I will make a Chain of to bind about my Heart! I don't deny that they are Letters, conſidered as to their Uſe. They are Letters when you read them; but after that they became more than Letters, becauſe they give great Pleaſure and Relief. In the Diamonds, which I received from you, and have laid up in my Memory, you tell me that you love me without doubt. I know not in what Manner to explain myſelf, but I do not in the leaſt doubt the Truth of any Thing you tell me. A Thouſand Times do I own myſelf obliged and thankful. I own myſelf obliged and thankful, becauſe I am not deſerving of your Love; but you may be aſſured that I am not in the leaſt indebted to you on that Account: For, when firſt I caſt my Eyes on you, my Heart was inflamed, and has burned ever ſince. As you have been the Cauſe of my Flame, Generoſity may induce you to quench it. But that I may be upon ſurer Grounds, I ſhould be glad to know your Intentions. If they be not honourable, I ſhall not approve of them to make the World talk of me: For as I never gave Occaſion yet, ſo neither ſhall I now. At any Time you may ſhake the Skirts of your Coat, and the Stain will go off; but let me ſhake mine ever ſo much, the Stain will ſtill remain. You told the Bearer, that I am not at the Window as I uſed to be. The Reaſon is, becauſe my Father ſuſpects me, and will not let me go to it when I pleaſe: Therefore I hope you will excuſe me; for God knows the

Pain

Pain it gives me! but we muſt have Patience, being the Fortune of Lovers. I ſhant trouble you any longer at preſent, farther than to wiſh you may enjoy all the Health and Happineſs you can deſire, for the Relief of the moſt conſtant of Lovers, who is incapable of changing.

CASTINATA.

After my Secretary had read and explained the Letter, he ask'd me, *What Anſwer I would have him write?* But I was not for making any: For, I told him, *I was more intent on getting back to* England *than Courtſhip:* And that, *as I did not intend to ſtay long in the Country, I was not willing to engage the young Creature's Affections; and then leave her in the Lurch.* But he, being a young, gay Spark, ſaid, *Since you deſign to quit this Place ſoon, you have the more Reaſon to go on with the Intrigue: For, as ſhe is ſo forward, no doubt you may do what you pleaſe with her; and when you have gain'd your Ends, you need not care what you leave behind.* By this I diſcovered a little of the Falſity of the Sex: However, to humour him, I ſuffered him to write an Anſwer; which, when I found an Opportunity, I convey'd to her. But ſhe, having heard in the Interim, that I was going over Sea, wrote me the following Lines.

DEAR SIR,

I am tormented in ſuch a Manner, that I am almoſt diſtracted. The Cauſe of which is, my having

having heard that you are going to quit Lisbon, *without giving me any Notice, or informing me when I ſhall ſee you again. Would to* God *I had never ſeen nor known you! Then I ſhould not have endured the Pain I do, and muſt endure for the Time to come. I have continued in this Diſorder till this Inſtant, that, coming to myſelf a little, I took Pen in Hand, in order to give you an Account of my Pain, or, rather, of the Sparks wherewith your Love has inflamed my Heart, to which Flame it is become a Martyr. But the Martyrdom which my Heart ſuffers from Love, is not ſo grievous as to ſee myſelf forſaken, without having any Remedy to apply to eaſe it, during the Time your Abſence laſts. However, ſince in your Hands is the Remedy, I beg you will not fail to communicate it; and not failing therein, I ſhall have nothing to ſuffer.*

I beſeech you to let me know whether you cannot avoid going? If not, I ſhould be glad to be informed when this Abſence is to commence, and if there will come a Day, when my Heart ſhall be relieved. So no more, for my Heart won't allow me Breath for more Words. Only I wiſh you may enjoy as much Health as you can deſire, whether it be for my Relief, or for my Torment, &c.

CASTINATA.

Henceforth I ſhall have nought to do,
But to bewail my Loſs of you.
Overwhelm'd with Sorrow, I ſhall find,
By Night or Day, no Eaſe of Mind.

Such, I foreſee, th' Effect will prove
Of this my firſt Eſſay in Love;
And that I ſhall ſeverely ſmart,
For raſhly yielding up my Heart.
To all Delights I bid adieu!
I part with Life, to part with you.

The Verſes in the Original, ſeem to have been taken from ſome of the *Portugueſe* Poets. I ſent no Anſwer to this Letter, becauſe I thought it needleſs, as I was preparing to come away when I received it, and was ſenſible my intended Departure could give my young Lover no greater Uneaſineſs, in regard ſhe was appriſed of it. On this Occaſion, I could not but reflect, how unluckily it happened that I was not a Man: For if I had, I ſhould certainly have made my Fortune, as this and other Adventures convince me. By the ſame Means alſo I have learned, that it is much eaſier for a Man to make his Fortune than a Woman.

Having now gathered about Ten Pounds, I quitted the Ambaſſador's Service, and went immediately to look for a Ship. I had the good Luck to meet with one bound for *England* the firſt fair Wind; and agreed with the Captain, for five Pounds, to have a Cabin to myſelf: But before I came away, I had the Curioſity to go to a *Portugueſe* Burial. When we came to the Grave, I was not a little ſurprized to ſee the Corps taken out of the Coffin, and ſo put into the Ground, contrary to the Cuſtom of the *Engliſh*, who have bought a Field,

Field, in which the Proteſtants, what Nation ſoever they are of, are buried. The Time for my Departure being come, I took my Leave of all my *Lisbon* Acquaintance, and was very chearful; for the Joy I had to go to *England*, made me think nothing of the Voyage. But when I thought all my Troubles were at an End, an Accident happened, which had like to have intirely fruſtrated my Hopes of ſeeing my Relations again: For juſt as I was ſteping into the Boat to go aboard the Ship, my Foot ſlipt, and I fell into the Water; ſo that, had not the Waterman come to my Aſſiſtance as ſoon as he did, I ſhould certainly have been loſt. After I was taken out, it was ſometime before I recovered my Senſes, when I found myſelf much out of Order. However, fearing to loſe my Paſſage if I ſtaid till I was well, I went on board the Ship, which was juſt going to Sail. I was as ſick all this Voyage as I was the firſt; and when I arrived in *England*, all that had paſſed ſeemed to be but a Dream.

When I came to *London*, I was obliged to think of ſome Method how to live; for I was reſolved not to throw off my Diſguiſe, or make myſelf known to my Relations, till I found a proper Opportunity. Therefore, as I had learned to ſhave in *Lisbon*, before I went to the Ambaſſador's, I took a little Shop, and hung out a Sign, with theſe Words, *Shave for One Penny:* By which I got a few Cuſtomers, and, in about Six Months Time, was obliged to take a Journeyman: For I had ſeveral Wigs beſpoke; and though I was

then ignorant of the Trade, yet by ſeeing him work, and practiſing a little, I was able to make one myſelf: So that I made a Shift to get my Bread.

One Afternoon as I was walking up *Ludgate-Hill*, a Gentlewoman overtook me, and asked me, *What Day of the Month it was?* The Surprize of ſuch an out-of-the way Queſtion, put the Day quite out of my Head. However, after ſome Heſitation, being aſhamed to own I could not reſolve her, I told her by Gueſs. Her Second Queſtion was, *How long was it to ſuch a Day of the Month?* Which having reſolved, ſhe thanked me, and ſo outwalked me. After ſhe was gone, I bethought myſelf of following her to ſee where ſhe lived, and who ſhe was. By walking pretty faſt, I ſoon overtook her; and being pretty near, heard her asking a Woman, which was her Way to ——? Upon this, I ſtept forward, and told her, *I was going to that Place, and, if ſhe pleaſed, I would conduct her to it.* She very readily accepted of the Offer; and by way of Apology, told me, *She was juſt removed to this Part of the Town; and that every Time ſhe went out, which was very often, her Buſineſs (being that of a Milliner) requiring it, ſhe loſt her Way.*

When we came to the Houſe, ſhe asked me, *To walk in and reſt myſelf*; and as I liked every Thing that was new and diverting, to paſs the Evening, I went into her Shop, which was very well ſtocked with ſaleable Goods. She bid the Maid put the Tea-Kettle on; and told

told me, *That ſince I was ſo good to ſee her home, ſhe deſired I would ſtay and drink a Diſh with her.* When Tea was over, ſhe asked me, *Whether I was not ſurprized at her enquiring the Day of the Month?* Adding, as a Reaſon, *That ſhe took me for a Perſon ſhe knew.* I obſerved ſhe looked very dull, and every now and then would bring up a Sigh. Upon which I enquired what made her ſo melancholly? *If I am melancholly*, ſaid ſhe, *the falſe Sex is the Occaſion of it.* Then ſhe began to tell me of a young Gentleman who courted her, and whom ſhe loved, but was afraid he was going to leave her: Becauſe he did not come to ſee her ſo frequently as he uſed; and ſhe had ſeen him very often talking to a young Lady who goes to the ſame Church.

She continued talking till it was Time to go to Supper. Then bidding the Maid lay the Cloth, ſhe invited me to bear her Company. After Supper, ſhe ſaid, *ſhe had one Favour to beg of me, and that was to aſſiſt her in being revenged on her Sweetheart.* I told her, *In any Thing that was lawful, I ſhould be very ready to ſerve her. All I deſire*, ſaid ſhe, *is, that you would come ſome Evening when he will be here, and act the Part of a Lover: By this Means I ſhall diſcover whether he loves me or not. If he doth not, then* continued ſhe, *I ſhall be reveng'd on him; for he'll ſee that I do not value him: And if he doth, this innocent Stratagem may make him reſolved to marry me.* I promiſed to give her all the Aſſiſtance in the Affair that I was able; and left Directions

for

for her to ſend her Maid to let me know whenever her Spark was there.

Accordingly, a few Days after, ſhe ſent to acquaint me, that he was come to paſs the Evening with her. So I dreſſed myſelf very beauiſh, and waited on her. I expected to pleaſe my Eyes with beholding ſomething more than ordinarily handſome and agreeable, by her Deſcription of him: But it was a Sign ſhe was in Love, that ſhe could not ſee he had no Gentility, Shape, nor even the Air of a Gentleman. He was intollerably clumſy; and, as he ſat, looked all of a Heap. He had one of the longeſt Noſes I ever ſaw, with a Pair of Lanthorn Jaws, and a Mouth ſo wide, you might almoſt thruſt a Half-Peck Loaf in. Beſides all this, he was old enough to have been her Father; and was ſo far from being well-bred, that he had not common Civility.

I put on a very free Air from the firſt, and ſeemed mighty fond: I ſat cloſe to her, and directed all my Diſcourſe to her, as if no body elſe had been preſent. All the while I looked very amourouſly on her, held one of her Hands in mine, and often ſnatched a Kiſs. I kept up my Gaiety by help of a Glaſs of Wine from Time to Time; and in a rattling Way, ran over ſome of thoſe Love-Stories, which I had once heard with Pleaſure from my Lovers. In ſhort, I acted my Part ſo well, that I could perceive her Spark was not very well pleaſed with his Rival, which gave me no ſmall Satisfaction. After Supper, he did not talk of moving, tho' it was Eleven o'Clock; and I

was reſolved not to go till I had ſeen *Long-Noſe* out. By this Means we made a Shift to ſtay till Morning, when finding it to no Purpoſe to wait, he went away. As ſoon as he was gone, HARRIETTA (ſo I ſhall name the pretty Milliner) thank'd me; and ſaid, *That for all ſhe loved him, it gave her Mind inexpreſſible Pleaſure to be revenged of him.* I had free Admittance whenever I pleaſed, and, had I been what I ſeemed to be, ſhould have liked her much, for ſhe was very agreeable. Her Skin was as fair as Alabaſter, and her Cheeks like two Roſes: So that ſhe had no Occaſion to rub her Face with a Cloth to get her a Colour; nor to put Powder in her Gloves to make her Hands look white.

The Week following, going to ſee her, ſhe made me as welcome as before, and ſhewed me a Letter which her Jewel had ſent her: It was to this Purpoſe.

MADAM,

I am very ſorry you ſhould ſuffer me to come to your Houſe ſo long before you let me know your Mind, which you might have done by Word of Mouth: For, had you dropped the leaſt Hint, I ſhould have given neither you nor myſelf any farther Trouble. So that you had no Occaſion to ſend for Mr. —— *to inſult me, in order to make me keep away, or, very likely, with ſome other View; which is very plain: But the Affront being the ſame, I ſhall take Care to return it as Opportunity offers. In the mean Time, as to my being indebted to you, if you'll pleaſe to let*

me

me know what it is, you ſhall be ſatisfy'd by the Bearer, from

Your Humble Servant,

LUMSTRUM.

She told me, *She had ſent back no Account of what he owed her, concluding he would come himſelf for it, and then ſhe would ſee whether he was reſolved to have nothing to ſay to her.* Accordingly the next Time I went to her Shop, ſhe told me, *He had called to pay her, and that, having made up the Breach, they were as good Friends again as ever.* However, my continuing to viſit her, made him ſtill think that I was his Rival: For, one Day, happening to meet him in the Street, he asked me to go with him and take a Glaſs of Wine. His Buſineſs was to tell me, *That if I had any Deſign towards his Sweetheart, I ſhould certainly find myſelf diſappointed: For that he was very well ſatisfied ſhe had no Regard for any Man living but him.* And to convince me that what he ſaid was well grounded, he ſhew'd me a Letter from her; the Purport of which was as follows.

SIR,

I hope you will pardon the Liberty I take in diſcloſing my Mind to you ſo freely. I ſpoke in a much plainer Manner laſt Night than was becoming to my Sex: But, ſince you ſeemed not inclinable to comprehend my Meaning, I ſhall now more plainly deſcribe the Loſs I mentioned. It

was

was a Heart which Cupid, *with his ſharp Arrow, drove from its Aboad, and has taken Place where I fear I ſhall never recal it back, nor get ſo ſincere a one in Return. It is in your Power alone to make me happy; therefore I beg the Favour of knowing your real Sentiments. I would adviſe you as a Friend not to let my Torments be ſo much your Sport: For,* Heaven has not Rage like Love to Hatred turn'd; nor Hell a Fury like a Woman's Scorn. *From*

Your's to command,

HARRIETTA.

After I had read the Letter, *You ſee,* ſaid he, *that ſhe has no ordinary, trifling Value for me. She writes like a Woman who is not a little in Love, and whoſe Affections are too firmly placed upon me to be eaſily removed.* After this, he muſtered up as many Inſtances as he could of her Fondneſs from Time: In ſhort, he ſaid all he could to convince me how vain a Thing it would be for me to think of ſupplanting him, and to make me deſiſt from my Deſign of courting his Charmer. I was very glad to find my counterfeiting the Lover had the deſired Effect; but would not relinquiſh my Pretenſions to his Miſtreſs, for fear he ſhould fall into a Relapſe of Indifference to her.

It being late, I took Leave of my Rival, for I wanted to be at home; but did not get thither ſo ſoon as I thought I ſhould: For, in my Way, coming by the End of a dark Alley,

I heard the Voice of a Female, who cried for Help; and looking forwards, ſaw a Woman in white, and two Fellows hauling her: But, on my advancing up the Alley towards them, they ſcoured off. The young Woman thanked me a Thouſand Times for delivering her from the Hand of two vile Rogues (as ſhe called them) and deſired, *I would be ſo kind as to ſee her home, for ſhe was ſo frightened, ſhe was not able* (ſhe ſaid) *to go by herſelf.* I having a good Heart, and thinking it the Duty of one who appeared like a Man, to aſſiſt our Sex in Diſtreſs, ventured to go with her. When we got to her Door ſhe invited me in, and told me, *I needed not be afraid, for ſhe kept the Houſe.* Upon this I went in, and found her to be a Piece of a Millener: For there were in the Shop a Hoop or two, four or five Fans, a few Gloves, and a Gallipot of Pomatum. Preſently after we were gotten in, ſhe laid the Cloth and made me eat with her. After Supper, ſhe began to tell me, *That her Husband was out of Town, and it was very loanſome to be by herſelf.* I replied, *It was a great Pity that ſo agreeable a Perſon as ſhe was ſhould be in an empty Houſe without Company.* She ſaid, *A young Gentlewoman had promiſed to come and lie with her, and wiſhed ſhe might come before I went away: For ſhe would not be in the Houſe by herſelf, if ſhe could help it, for ever ſo much.* So, out of Complaiſance, I offered to ſtay a little longer; but finding, after waiting a-while, that the Perſon did not come, and it was pretty late, I ſaid, *Madam, I ſuppoſe you do not expect the Gentlewoman at this Hour, and ſo roſe up to go*

away

away. As ſhe ſtill drilled on the Time by keeping up a Converſation, which I grew very tired of, I at laſt told her, *That I was under a Neceſſity of going, for that my Maid ſat up for me, and would think that I had come by ſome Miſchance, in regard I never uſed to ſtay out ſo late. Well, Sir,* ſaid ſhe, *ſince I cannot have the Pleaſure of your Company any longer, I muſt paſs the reſt of the Night by myſelf; and how dreadful that will be to me, you may judge: For I am terribly afraid of Spirits; the very Thoughts of what I ſhall ſuffer, make me tremble; 'tis pity, Sir, there is no Poſſibility of your ſtaying.* I reply'd, *I was very ſorry to leave her, but I had told her the Neceſſity there was for it: And as for the Spirits, if that were all, I would engage that none ſhould meddle with her; for that I had often lain in an empty Houſe myſelf, and never was moleſted by any.* In ſhort, finding, after all the Arguments ſhe could uſe, that I was determined to go, ſhe went to conduct me to the Door. But, when we came there, the Key was not to be found. She remembered ſhe took it out of the Lock, but had forgotten where ſhe had put it. Then ſhe began to look about for it, but as if ſhe had not a Mind to find it. After ſhe had peeped under the Bed, and into two or three Places, where it was not likely ſhe had laid it, ſhe ſat down and ſaid, *Sir, I am very ſorry it ſhould happen ſo, but I'll aſſure you I am ſo tired that I cannot look any longer for it.*

Finding by this that ſhe was reſolved I ſhould ſtay all Night with her, I was obliged

to make myſelf as eaſy as I could, and ſo ſat down again. She, now thinking me ſecure, as tired as ſhe pretended to be, got up and began to beſtir herſelf very briskly to ſet Things in Order for going to Bed. This done, ſhe filled me a Glaſs of Rum to raiſe my Spirits. *Come, Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *don't be melancholy; though you happen to be made a Priſoner againſt your Will, I'll endeavour to make your Confinement as agreeable to you as I can.* Saying this, ſhe took me by the Hand, and, ſqueezing it, gave me a Kiſs; then ſtood leering at me a while, expecting I would be free with her. She ſaid, *We had the whole Houſe to ourſelves; and, as ſhe had told me before, that her Husband was out of Town*, I gueſſed what ſhe wanted: But not returning her Salute warmly, or even ſeeming to underſtand what ſhe would be at, ſhe multiply'd her Careſſes, and grew very bold with me.

Upon this, to avoid her Attacks, I began to make Faces, and pretend I was ſickiſh for Want of Sleep. She deſired me, *to lie down upon the Bed.* I told her, *I choſe rather to ſet up in a Chair.* But at laſt ſhe perſwaded me to lie down. A little while after I was ſurpriſed to ſee her undreſs herſelf before me, without any Ceremony, and get into Bed. By this I conjectured ſhe never lay alone but when ſhe could not help it. In the Interim I could not forbear reflecting on the Oddneſs of the Adventure, which made me at laſt burſt out a laughing. But I turned it into a ſham Crying, for fear ſhe ſhould ſee that my Illneſs was coun-

counterfeit, as well as to avoid affronting her; and, indeed, I was convinced that the Diſappointment ſhe received from me was Mortification enough.

I paſſed the Night very uneaſy as well as the young Millener: But as ſoon as the Morning came I fell aſleep, and did not awake till Ten o'Clock; at which Hour I was rouſed by a frightful Dream. Looking about me I found my Bedfellow (if I can properly call her ſo) was up, and had gotten Tea ready: What was more agreeable to me, ſhe had alſo found the Key, (I ſuppoſe without much ſearching for) without which I ſhould have had no Stomach for my Breakfaſt: As ſoon at it was over, I took my Leave of her. She thanked me for my Company, made an Apology for keeping me out all Night, and ſaid, *I ſhould be welcome at any Time I pleaſed to call.* I then made the beſt of my Way home, where I found my Maid in ſad Tribulation, imagining ſome Misfortune had happened to me: But the Sight of me diſſipated her Sorrow, and filled her with Joy. On this Occaſion ſhe expreſſed a more than ordinary Affection to me. As I was always very free with her, I perceived, by Degrees, ſhe had taken a great Liking to me: For, very often, when Opportunity offered, ſhe would preſs me in her Arms, and ſeem to court a Kiſs. She was very careful to oblige me in every Thing; and as ſhe found I did not take her Expreſſions of Fondneſs amiſs, ſhe fancied I intended to marry her. Sometime after, having had a Propoſal

poſal of Marriage from a Sailor, ſhe asked my Advice about the Matter: For ſhe thought that, if I loved her, I ſhould be againſt it. But I told her, *As ſhe had a good Character, and was a ſober young Woman, ſhe could not do better than ſettle herſelf for Life.* She took my Advice, and ſoon after married him, while ſhe was yet my Servant. When ſhe went away ſhe parted with me with Sighs and Tears, and told me, *That for all I was nothing to her, ſhe loved me better than ſhe did her Husband.* Had I been a Man, and viciouſly inclined, I know not what Uſe I might have made of ſuch a Declaration from a good clever Girl as ſhe was.

Not long after, one Night as I was going home, Three Girls ſtopped me, and begged that I'd ſee them home, for they were afraid of a Fellow that follow'd them. As they did not look as Ladies of the Town, I went with them: The Fellow finding they had Company went off; when we got to the Door, they deſired that I'd walk in; they ſent for Beer and Lady *Cooper*'s Drops, as they called it, being hot, they ſaid a Glaſs would do them good; and after Supper we had another Glaſs, which went very much againſt me, for I had been drinking before; beſides, and not being accuſtomed to ſuch Liquor, I found myſelf out of Order, which obliged me to get a Coach to carry me Home; but the Coachman inſtead of carrying me home, he took me where he thought proper, then he deſired that I'd help him

him to what Money I had, for he ſaid he had been with a W—— hard by, and by G—— he had ſpent all his Maſter's Money: After that, he ſaid, I don't ſuppoſe you'll know me, for I ſee you are D—— and went off; and very glad was I; for if he had ſtripped me, as a great many ſuch Villains do, and had found what I was, no doubt but he would have deſired ſomething more. Here I was obliged to ſtay till Morning, for I did not know my Way, nor could I find any body to direct me. This Adventure made me reſolve to write to my Aunt; and as my Uncle was juſt dead, and being a good Sort of Perſon, I did not doubt but he would take me into Favour again, ſo wrote the following Lines.

DEAR AUNT,

I acknowledge myſelf unworthy of the leaſt of the Favours, which is in your Power to grant; but knowing you to be always ready to forgive, with Shame I now implore your Pardon for the many Faults I have been guilty of, and in particular, that of my going away without your Knowledge; but with what Shame am I now confuſed to think of my leaving my Friend, and going thro' ſo many Dangers, which now I am very ſenſible might have proved my Ruin! With Horror am I ſtruck when I think how I ſet out, like a Ship without Captain or Pilot, which may be drove to a good or bad Port; but as I am come ſafe back, I beg you would take me into your Favour again,

humbly

humbly asking Pardon, and promiſing never to diſoblige you in any Thing, but be always

Your dutiful, tho' unworthy Niece,

and Humble Servant, *&c.*

I ſent it by a Porter, who ſtaid for an Anſwer, and brought me word, that ſhe wanted to ſee me the ſame Day; I accordingly dreſſed myſelf in the Gown I had pulled off at the Tavern before I went on my Rambles; and going to her, fell on my Knees; and having asked Pardon, ſhe freely forgave me, and ſaid, *She was glad to find, that, ſince her Husband was gone, ſhe had a near Relation ſtill living, who ſhe thought had been dead.* As I was the only Relation ſhe had at that Time) for ſhe had loſt ſeveral before the Death of my Uncle) ſhe told me, *If I behaved myſelf as I ſhould do for the future, I ſhould have all ſhe was poſſeſſed of when ſhe died.* I returned her Thanks; and, at her Demand, related my whole Adventures, very circumſtantially, from firſt to laſt. After this, ſhe deſired me to continue with her: But I was not willing to do that, becauſe I liked to have my Liberty; and was afraid I ſhould be obliged to give an Account of every Thing, as I had done to her before of my Rambles. Therefore I told her, *That if ſhe pleaſed, I had a great Mind to go to a Milliner's for about a Twelve-month; by Reaſon* (as I ſaid) *that I had almoſt forgotten every Thing that my Sex ought*

and wait on us home: Nor were we unwilling to refuſe this ſmall Favour, in Return for indulging him ſo long with our Company. When we had gotten as far as the *Vine Tavern* in *Holbourn*, he bid the Coachman ſtop. I imagined his Intention was to ask us to take a Glaſs of Wine. Inſtead of that, he only begged Leave *to ſtep in for one Minute to ſpeak to his Brother; who*, he ſaid, *lodged there:* Which we granted. But finding that he outſtayed his Time, we ſent the Coachman in to enquire for him. The Drawer brought Word, *That he had enquired in all the Rooms, and there was no ſuch Perſon in the Houſe. You miſtake the Matter*, ſaid I, *he is not gone in to drink but to ſpeak to his Brother, who lodges here.* At this the Man ſmiled, and ſaid, *Then, Ladies, I am afraid he has given you the Slip: For this Tavern is a Thorough-fare; and we have no Lodgers.* Convinced by this that we were bit, we diſcharged the Coach; being vex'd at nothing ſo much as to be ſerved ſuch a Trick by an old Fellow, who, I'll warrant, was one of the Sharpers of the Town: However, it happened very well he did not invite us in; for if he had, we ſhould certainly have been pawn'd for the Reckoning; and he would have ſupp'd, as well as rode home at our Expence.

By the Time I got home it was pretty late; and the Family being gone to Bed, I knocked for above an Hour at the Door, and could not get in at laſt: So that I was obliged to go lie with Miſs DELIA that Night. Next Morn-

ing there was a great Noiſe made about my not coming home at ſeaſonable Hours; tho' it was not the firſt Time, by a great many, that I had ſtaid out as late without giving any Offence. But, the Caſe was, my Miſtreſs having been lately married to an old Fellow, ſomething more than a Footman, for the Sake of ſome Money he had ſaved; the Servant, who was now become a Maſter, took very much upon him, and would have aſſumed an Authority over me, if I had given Way to it. On this Occaſion, he adviſed his Wife, *to complain to my Aunt, and have me before a Juſtice*; which I made a Jeſt of, bidding him *do his worſt*. So that I ended my Time with leſs Pleaſure than I began it.

Having gotten a Surfeit of this Sort of Life; and, finding I did not ſucceed in making my Fortune as I expected, as ſoon as my Year was out, I went and lived with my Aunt: Where, being my own Miſtreſs, I reſolved to miſs no Opportunity of diſpoſing of myſelf to Advantage. To this Purpoſe I dreſſed out every Day, appeared much at the Window, and went to all Places of Reſort and publick Diverſions. Sure, if there was any Merit in being induſtrious to get a rich Husband, no young Woman deſerved one better than I.

The firſt Lover I had, after my Settlement with my Aunt, was a young Lawyer, whom I came acquainted with at *Bartholomew Fair*. One Evening, as I was walking with a Neighbour in the Fair, viewing the Place, we

ſpied

ſpied two Gentlemen following us. It being very dirty, they officiouſly handed us over the Kennels, and ſo began to talk to us. As we had no Men with us, we were very glad to meet with ſuch agreeable Company: Beſides, we had now a Proſpect of ſeeing the Diverſions, which we wanted to ſee. To bring this about, I began telling my Neighbour, *That I had never been at any Plays; and therefore muſt go in and ſee ſome. Lord, Madam,* ſaid one of the Gentlemen, *I am ſurprized you never were at a Play: If you pleaſe we'll wait on you.*

As this was what we wanted, after making a Sort of Apology, we accepted of the Offer, and went into ſeveral Booths. From the Fair we adjourned to the Tavern, where having ſpent about two Hours in eating and drinking very good Chear, we then ventured to take Coach with them: For, as they had diſcharg'd the Reckoning, which was no very ſmall one, I was in no Fear they would leave us in the Lurch, as the old Sharper had done, to avoid paying a Shilling or two for Coach-hire. At parting, I told them, *I did not know how I ſhould be able to make them Amends for ſo many Favours*; but ſaid, *if they would accept of a Diſh of Tea, by way of Acknowledgment, it ſhould be at their Service whenever they pleaſed to oblige me with their Company.*

Two or three Days after, one of them, who was a Lawyer, came to ſee me; and from that Time forward repeated his Viſits pretty often.

He was a handſome, well-ſpoken Gentleman, and, as I believed him ſincere in his Addreſſes, being nothing of a Flaſh, I had a great Reſpect for him. I grew ſo fond of his Company by Degrees, that I was never eaſy but when he was with me; and then I enjoyed all the Pleaſure I could wiſh. In ſhort, far from diminiſhing, my Love encreaſed every Day, till ſuch Time as I received a Letter, which made a great Change in my Mind, tho' I did not know from whom it came: So eaſily may a Woman's Love be ſhaken, when Intereſt is the chief Point ſhe has in View. For my Part, I ſoon found my Love was not ſo firmly fix'd as I thought it was, ſince it preſently gave Way to ſelfiſh Notions, which this Letter has infuſed into me. It was as follows:

Moſt lovely and adorable Lady;

I hope you will forgive me the Freedom I take in writing to you, which is the only Way I have to let you know how much I love and adore you. For tho' I am but little acquainted with you, I have diſcovered Charms enough to make me for ever your Admirer; and ardently wiſh for the Liberty of throwing myſelf at your Feet. If this Billet be not offenſive, I hope you will honour me with a Line or two in Anſwer, directing to be left for me, at T—'s Coffee-Houſe. *Your Compliance herein will highly contribute to my Happineſs; and give me a Pleaſure which can only be*

exceeded

exceeded by that of ſeeing you, who are the Adoration of all Men, as well as of

Your Slave,

PHILANDER.

As extravagant as this Letter may be in itſelf, I thought every Thing that is ſaid was my Due, and could not ſee a Bit of Flattery in it. Like your Bigots in Religion, who believe certain Doctrine the more true for being impoſſible; ſo I, a true Bigot to Vanity, believed this Letter the more ſincere for being ſo groſs. I read it ſeveral Times over with no little Pleaſure and ſecret Satisfaction, to think how much I was beloved; and as I always flattered myſelf with the pleaſing Idea of making my Fortune ſooner or later, I concluded the Time was now come. Theſe Thoughts raiſed my Curioſity, as well as Views to a high Pitch; and tho' I had a great Value for the Lawyer, yet I was willing to ſee the Perſon who wrote the Letter. *Poſſibly*, ſaid I to myſelf, *I may like him better, and he may be a Gentleman of a greater Fortune; or, in caſe I ſhould not like him, yet he may be uſeful to make a Tool of, to play againſt the other, by Way of Rival, in order to heighten his Love, and quicken his Reſolutions to marry me, if he had any ſuch Deſign, as I had all the Reaſon in the World to think he had:* Which to be ſure made my Conduct the more blameable, and my ill Succeſs the leſs to be pitied.

Having

Having thus concerted my Measures, I first sent to the *Coffee-House*, to enquire after my unknown Lover; but the People could not give any Account of him, only, *That a Gentleman had called to know whether a Letter had been left for him; and desired if there should come any, that it may be laid by, and he would call again.* This Circumstance heightened my Curiosity, and determined me at at all Events to write as follows:

SIR,

My having received a Letter from an unknown Hand, is the Occasion of writing this: For I should be glad to know it comes from; therefore I desire you would call at Mrs. ———, *and enquire for me. Besure to come on* Saturday *at Seven o'Clock, or on* Sunday *about Two, and please to bring this Letter with you: But if you do not see me, do not leave your Name.*

MARINA.

I would not appoint him to come to my Aunt's, because I judged she would not approve of my keeping Company with more than one Gentleman, as a Lover, at a Time. I carry'd the Answer myself, for fear it should be opened by a Messenger: For Servants are very curious to pry into Affairs of this Kind; and I was for providing against all Accidents. When my young Lawyer came next to visit me, I did not fail to shew him PHILANDER's Letter, that he might see I was adored by others

others as well as by him. Neither did I uſe him with ſo much Reſpect and Freedom as I did before I had this new Admirer: For I gave myſelf ſome haughty Airs, received his Addreſſes with more Indifference, and a Kiſs with leſs Willingneſs than formerly. Tho' he could not but perceive this Alteration, which was very viſible in my Behaviour, yet he ſeemed to take no Notice of it, which gave me ſome Uneaſineſs: For, I expected he ſhould have been ſenſible of an Increaſe of Merit in me, ſince I had gotten another Lover, and approached me, on that Account, with double the Awe and Fondneſs that he uſed to do before.

I was not a little uneaſy till *Saturday* came the firſt Day I had appointed for ſeeing my new Spark —— Which being come, I did not fail to be punctually at the Place of Rendezvous: But PHILANDER failed me this Time: Which made me begin to imagine it might be ſome Gentleman who had written to me for Diverſion; tho' I had met with nothing of the Kind before. The next Day, in the Afternoon, I went again, expecting, with Impatience, every Minute to ſee the Perſon whom I was in Love with before I ſaw him: But having waited a good while, and he not coming, I could ſtay no longer from Church; where, all Service-time, I did not think ſo much of my Devotion as of my Diſappointment. The next Day Mrs. —— came to ſee me, and told me, *That* PHILANDER *call'd juſt after*

after I had left her Houſe. I was very inquiſitive to know, whether he looked like a Gentleman, and was handſome; otherwiſe I reſolved to decline ſeeing him, if he ſhould make any further Attempt to get into my Company, as he did: For the next Day I received a Penny Poſt Letter from him, conceived in the Terms following:

My for ever adorable LADY,

I received your Letter, by which underſtanding that you do not know me by my Name, I'll give you ſome Deſcription of my Perſon, that may poſſibly enable you to call me to mind. I am neither tall nor ſhort: Neither fair nor black: Nor do I live far off that moſt happy Mr. ——, *who can enjoy your delightful Company when ever he pleaſes. You have ſeen me ſeveral Times to my certain Knowledge: But, very likely, were you to ſee me again, you would prove like the reſt of your handſome Sex, who have ſo many Adorers, that they do not know them all. I called on* Sunday *at the Place, but could not be ſo happy as to meet with you, and enjoy that rapturous Pleaſure, which a Sight of the inchanting Miſs* ——— *is capable of giving me. As to your Letter, pardon the Fault, I did not bring it as you deſired. In any Thing elſe I am willing and ready to obey your Orders: But cannot poſſibly obey you, thou deareſt of thy Sex, in returning that ever-to-be-prized Letter, written by the precious Hand of my lovely Charmer. No; rather oblige your Adorer with another in Anſwer*

to

to this, that he may keep them both as choice as Diamonds, for your Sake.

PHILANDER.

From the Deſcription given in this Letter, joined to that Mrs. —— had given me, of my incognito Lover; from his mentioning my Spark the Lawyer; and, above all, from the myſtical Manner in which it was written, I began to ſuſpect that I had been outwitted, for all I thought myſelf ſo cunning; and that PHILANDER and the Lawyer were the ſame Perſon. Nor did I gueſs wrong: For, ſome Days after, as Mrs. —— and I were walking in the *Park*, we happened to ſee my young Lawyer. Whereupon my Friend preſently whiſper'd me, and ſaid, *There is* PHILANDER! who made as if he did not ſee us. This was but too ſure a Confirmation of my Suſpicion. However, I pretended it could not be him, ſaying, *I knew that Gentleman very well, and that his Name was* BELLAMOUR. But ſhe inſiſted, that he was the Perſon who came to her Houſe on the *Sunday* to enquire for me; and that ſhe could not poſſibly be miſtaken.

I was very much chagrin'd at this Diſcovery; and, after that, BELLAMOUR never came near me any more. So that, inſtead of having two Lovers, as I thought, I found, to my Loſs, I had never a one. My young Lawyer, no doubt, took this Method to try whether I was ſincere; and herein he went

cunningly to work: But when he found that I was ready to accept of the Addreſſes of as many as were diſpoſed to offer themſelves, he would have nothing more to ſay to me. And who could blame him? I muſt own, that, in being thus puniſhed for my Inconſtancy, I was rightly ſerved: For, to be ſure, it is againſt all the Rules of Generoſity for a Woman to entertain two Lovers at a Time: But I was ſwayed wholly by Motives of Intereſt and Ambition, which root out all Senſe of Honour and Obligation from the Perſons, in whoſe Heart they once take Place. I hope this candid Confeſſion, and Cenſure of my own Conduct, will prevent the Readers paſſing a more ſevere Judgment on me.

Now, tho' I was ſufficiently apprized of the Reaſon of BELLAMOUR's Abſence, yet I wanted ſadly to have an Opportunity of ſeeing him, that I might learn the Cauſe from himſelf; and try, if poſſible, to recover him again. But as I found, once or twice I met him, that he would not give me any Time to talk, I therefore ſent him the following Letter.

SIR,

I would not have given you the Trouble of peruſing theſe few Lines, had not the Matter been urgent which I have to impart to you, and my Stay in London *ſo ſhort I am to leave it on* Sunday *Night, at Seven o'Clock, and ſhould be very*

very glad to have an Opportunity of ſpeaking to you before I ſet out: Being very well aſſured my Abſence will be your greateſt Felicity. I am obliged, by the haſty News of Death, to go about Two Hundred Miles off, or ſhall loſe the Poſſeſſion of what is left me. I muſt conclude; being in Haſte——If you will favour me with the Sight of you, you'll oblige

MARINA.

My Reader may perceive from the Stile of this Letter, that I had loſt a great deal of that Pride with which, as I told him, I had treated BELLAMOUR latterly; and that I ſhould have been glad to have received him again upon his own Terms. I imagined, that, if the News of my pretended Abſence did not bring him, that of the ſham Fortune fallen to me, might: But the Fetch would not take with him: For he neither came, nor ſent me any Anſwer. After this I thought it in vain to apply to him: And tho' it grieved me not a little to be forſaken by him, yet I could not but eſteem him for reſenting the Injury I had done him, as well as applaud the Generoſity of his Spirit, that would not ſuffer him to be reconciled to me on a Proſpect of getting an Eſtate, tho' he expected nothing with me before.

My ill Succeſs in this Adventure, owing to my Miſconduct, and the Uneaſineſs which the Loſs of BELLAMOUR gave me at firſt, made me reſolve never to ſet any Affections on any

Man for the future: But, after ſome Time, I began to pleaſe myſelf with Thoughts of making new Conqueſts; and, as my late Amour with the young Lawyer, whom now I had quite forgotten, had taught me a good deal of Experience, I reſolved with myſelf, however I play'd my Cards, never to be over-reached in ſuch a Manner a ſecond Time.

One Evening, as my Aunt and I were at *Vaux-Hall*, I obſerved a young Gentleman following us; and every Time I looked his Way he ſmiled, and caſt a languiſhing Eye. He traced our Steps very diligently, and was ſure to be behind me, whenever we ſtopped to hear the Muſic. At laſt he offered my Aunt his Box, and by that Pinch of Snuff we became acquainted: For this was an Introduction to Converſation with my Aunt; and all the while he talked to her, he failed not to let me know, by his Eyes, how much I had charmed him. As ſoon as he had ended his Diſcourſe with my Aunt, he addreſſed himſelf to me; and loſt no Opportunity that offered, when the old Gentlewoman was out of Hearing. He began by telling me how *handſome I was; what inexpreſſible Pleaſure my Preſence gave him; and how happy he ſhould be if he could continue always in my Company.*

The Reader may believe that this Gentleman could not chuſe but be handſome in my Eyes, when he ſpoke ſo much in my Praiſe. Our Collation was very genteel: He called for the niceſt Things the Place afforded, which gave

gave him a Handle to inſiſt upon paying all the Reckoning. From the Gardens he waited on us home, and was in hopes of an Invitation. But my Aunt was not fond of giving Encouragement to Sparks. It was not for want of Good-will that I did not ask him to come myſelf: But I thought, if he was ſo much in Love as he ſaid he was, and I believed him to be by his Behaviour and Eyes, (which commonly at firſt ſpeak a Man's Paſſion better than the Tongue) he would find out ſome Way of ſeeing me.

As I took ſo much Pleaſure in this Sort of Amuſement, I longed to ſee what might be the Fruits of this Evening's Adventure. Moſt Part of that Night I was conſidering in what Manner he would go on in this Affair. I imagined I ſhould not have a Sight of him till the *Sunday* following; when I ſuppoſed he would ſaunter about the Houſe, thinking to ſee me go to Church, and take that Opportunity to renew his Acquaintance: But next Morning, while I lay in Bed indulging myſelf with the Thoughts of what had paſſed the Evening before (which gave me as much Pleaſure as if I had been in his Company) the Maid came up and brought me a Letter, telling me at the ſame Time, *That the Meſſenger waited for an Anſwer.* I was in hopes that it came from ſome of my other Lovers: But by arriving ſo ſoon in the Morning, I began to fear it might bring ſome ill News. However, opening it, I found as follows:

Fair

Fair CHARMER,

I hope you will forgive the Freedom I take in writing to you; for unleſs you do, my adorable Creature, and let me have the Pleaſure of ſeeing you, it is impoſſible I ſhould ever be cured of that deep and dangerous Wound which your Eyes gave me when I was laſt in your dear Company; and as you are the only Phyſitian who can undertake to heal it with Succeſs, therefore to you only muſt I apply. The Reaſon of my ſending this ſo early is, that it might come to your Hands before the old Lady be up; and, as very likely you might not be riſen yourſelf, I have ſent one of your own Sex with it, that, if you think proper, ſhe might be admitted into your Chamber to receive the Anſwer from your pretious Lips, in caſe you ſhould not have any body about you whom you cared to truſt in this Affair, which ſo nearly concerns the Welfare of

Your devoted Slave,

and Humble Servant,

FLORIDANT.

After I had read the Letter, I bid the Maid deſire the Bearer to come up: But, upon entering the Chamber, I immediately perceived it to be my new Lover in Woman's Cloaths, which put me into great Confuſion. As ſoon

as

as the Maid had turned her Back, I threaten'd to call out, unleſs he quitted the Room immediately: But he begged *I would not expoſe him, ſince nobody knew but he was a Woman, and the Violence of his Love for me had compelled him to put on that Diſguiſe; under which he might have a better Opportunity of telling me how much he adored me, than he had at* Vaux-Hall. He ran on in this Manner, making Profeſſions of his Love, and praiſing my Beauty, till I found that my Aunt was ſtirring. For ſhe hearing a confuſed kind of Talking in my Room, imagined that ſomething was the Matter; upon which, I deſired him *to make the beſt of his Way.* After he was gone, I ſhewed the Letter to my Aunt, and told her, *I intended to write an Anſwer.* As ſhe ſaid nothing againſt it, I took no more Notice, but ſent the following Lines to the Coffee-Houſe, as he appointed.

SIR,

Since you inſiſt upon my anſwering your Letter in Writing, notwithſtanding the Anſwer deliver'd to the Bearer, give me Leave to ſay, that if I was half ſo vain as a great many of my Sex, I might, without any Difficulty, be brought to believe all you ſay to be true: But as I am ſenſible I have no other Charms than thoſe your Fancy or Complaiſance is pleaſed to beſtow upon me, you cannot blame me if I am a little diffident of a Paſſion ſo weakly grounded. I ſhall not,

not, however, desire you to desist from giving me any farther Testimonies of it, provided it be sincere; and that you no more make Use of Disguise to the Purpose you did this Morning, since you will always be welcome, at seasonable Hours, in your proper Dress, to,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

MARINA.

Some Days after I went to pay a Visit to a Gentlewoman, where there happened to be a Person who knew FLORIDANT; and talked a great deal about him. I sat silent all the while, as if they had been talking of one I was a perfect Stranger to, but took great Notice of every Word that was spoken. I was very glad my Aunt was not with me: For I understood, by the Person's Discourse, that my Lover was a married Man, and much given to Debauchery. He did not like his Wife it seems, because she was old enough to be his Mother; and so gave himself a Licence, I suppose, to lie with all the Women he could seduce. But the Age or Deformity of his Spouse was no Excuse, methinks, for his giving a Loose to vicious Inclinations: Since it must be presumed, if he did not marry her for Love, he married her for Interest; and that should have laid a generous Man under an Obligation of using her well. Not that

that I remember he was accuſed of treating her Perſon ill, by abuſive Language, or coarſe Behaviour, as too many of them are apt to do: But for a Husband to abandon himſelf to leud Courſes, muſt be Uſage bad enough to the Wife; ſince it muſt lead him into Extravagancies, and to keep bad Hours, ſpending his Time and Money in bad Company, while the poor Woman ſeldom has the Satisfaction of his Company at home: Which muſt breed Diſcontents, and often is attended with unhappy Conſequences.

Conſidering how little Encouragement the aged Part of our Sex have to marry young Men (ſcarce one Marriage of the Kind in an Age turning out well) I wonder they ever venture upon ſuch deſperate, as well as unnatural, Matches. For my Part, I never heard of any more than one which I could approve of; and that was of a Lady who married a ſober young Gentleman of great Merit, in order to give him Poſſeſſion of a conſiderable Eſtate ſhe had: For, otherwiſe, by the Settlement, it muſt have gone to a very worthleſs Relation, who would have gamed and drank it away in a few Years. The Lady judging how diſagreeable the Embraces of old Age muſt be to Youth, in order to prevent any Diſcontents ariſing on that Account, made it a Condition beforehand, that her Husband ſhould never bed her, further than to obſerve the Form of Conſummation, neceſſary to intitle him to the Eſtate. The Gentleman be-

haved exceedingly well, as in Gratitude, as well as Duty, he ought; and at Five Years End his Spouſe died, and left him at Liberty to enjoy, with another Wife, the Pleaſures of Matrimony, which he never had taſted with her. Here was an Inſtance of a Lady marrying purely for the Sake of making a Man happy! And if others did it on the ſame virtuous diſintereſted Motive, they ſhould have my Conſent, and might expect to ſpend the Dregs of Life in Quiet. But, methinks, the Infirmities incident to old Age, can never be reconcilable with Youth and Love. However, the Marriage of an old Man with a young Woman is far more excuſable: Which puts me in mind of a Saying I have heard, *That the wedding of a young Man to a young Woman, is a Match of* God's *making; that of an old Man and a young Woman, a Match of Man's making: But the joining of an old Woman and a young Man, is a Match of the Devil's making:* 'Tis at leaſt very unnatural.

As ſoon as I got home, I ordered the Maid to tell the Meſſenger who brought that Letter, in caſe ſhe ever called again, that I was gone out of Town: I gave her the ſame Directions, provided a Gentleman, ſuch as I deſcribed, came to enquire after me; whereby I propoſed to avoid receiving any farther Viſits from my marry'd Lover, whether he came in Diſguiſe or in his proper Dreſs. He called ſeveral Times afterwards in either Shape: But not finding Admittance, he came

no

no more; and ſo I got rid of him without ſhewing any farther Reſentment, which I could not have done had I ſeen him again, conſidering the Affront he had put upon me. When a Woman knows a Man to be marry'd, ſhe may prevent his making Addreſſes to her, and cannot be drawn into a Snare without her Knowledge and Conſent; but if ſhe is ignorant of that Circumſtance, how eaſily may ſhe be induced to engage her Affections, provided the Perſon be polite and handſome as FLORIDANT was? In this Caſe, ſhe muſt either fall a Prey to her inſiduous Lover, or experience much Anguiſh of Mind: So that for a Gentleman to proceed in this treacherous Manner, without giving a Woman Fair-Play, is highly criminal and ungenerous.

Sometime after, as a young Gentlewoman and I were returning from taking a Walk, it happened to rain very hard; ſo that we were obliged to take Shelter in a Paſſage, where we came acquainted (as often happens on the like Occaſion) with two young Gentlemen, who were driven thither by Streſs of Weather as well as ourſelves. As ſoon as the Rain was over, they waited on us to a Friend's Houſe, where they promiſed to take us to the Play the *Friday* following; and we agreed to ſend a Line to the *Coffee-Houſe*, to let them know where to meet us on the Day appointed. Accordingly the next Day Miſs ſent a Letter to one of them, to this Effect.

SIR,

When we came to reflect on the Indiſcretion of giving a Promiſe to go to the Play with two Gentlemen we are ſo little acquainted with, we were of two Minds, whether to go or not: But as we had accepted of your Offer, and I thought it would be rude not to ſend you Notice, in caſe we did not think fit to go, as we at firſt reſolved: Therefore I determined to write; and having advanced ſo far, we at laſt even concluded not to diſappoint you, truſting to your Honour for our Security, and hoping you will put as favourable a Conſtruction as poſſible on our Conduct. If therefore you are in the ſame Mind, we deſire you would appoint the Place of Rendezvous; for we could think of none where we could meet without Danger of its coming to my Father's Ears. The Reaſon for writing ſo ſoon, is, to allow Time enough for receiving an Anſwer, in caſe any Thing of more Conſequence could intervene, that might engage you on Friday. *I'll ſend the Maid to the* Coffee-Houſe *for your Anſwer,*

CLARISSA.

Miſs ſent ſeveral Times to the *Coffee-Houſe*: But finding no Anſwer, we concluded, that, like a great many flaſhy Sparks, who make haſty Offers, that had thought better of it, or had made an Engagement without any Deſign to keep it. We had therefore given the Affair

Affair up, when the Day after the Day appointed, we received the following Lines:

Lovely Charmer,

I am extremely ſorry I ſhould diſappoint you; but it was rather my Misfortune than Fault: For, as you were ſo good to promiſe to let us know where we ſhould wait on you; ſo we did not call at the Coffee-Houſe *till the Day appointed, thinking to find Directions in your Letter: And that Diſappointment, to our great Vexation, occaſioned yours. To retrieve this unlucky Miſtake, we intend, with your Permiſſion, to wait on you at home To-morrow about three o'Clock, when the old Ones are gone to Church; from which, ſweet Angel, contrive to be abſent, that you may receive the Adoration of your languiſhing*

Strephon.

Accordingly next Day, which was *Sunday*, they both came; and we made Shift to get Tea over, and diſmiſs our Lovers, before Clarissa's Father and Mother returned from Church. As ſoon as they came home, they ſtepped up to ſee how ſhe did: For ſhe had counterfeited being out of Order, to avoid bearing them Company to Church. As one of our Sparks was going out of Town a little, they could not then fix on a Day to wait on us, but promiſed to let us know by a Line or two when they could, which was to be left

at

at an Acquaintance's: But this Friend being alſo gone into the Country, I was forced to write the following Lines to let them know of it.

SIR,

I am obliged to trouble you again with this, to acquaint you, that Mrs. —— *and Family, went out of Town this Day, ſo that if you direct to her Houſe you will be diſappointed again. Be pleaſed therefore to ſend an Anſwer to* —— *I hope Mr.* —— *is well; and that you will but excuſe the rough Entertainment you met with on* Sunday, *and impute it to the Hurry we were in for want of more Time.*

MARINA.

A few Days after I received a Letter, appointing to meet us next Day. So I called on CLARISSA to let her know, and ask her Mother's Leave to go along with me. Accordingly I obtained it, and we went. When the Play was over, he took us to the Tavern, where we had an elegant Supper; after which we paſſed the Time ſo merrily, laughing and ſinging, that we did not mind how the Hours went. But our ſweet Meat, had ſour Sauce; and what began with ſo much Pleaſure, ended with a great deal of Pain. It was Four in the Morning before we left the Tavern, when the Coachman, being either Drunk or half a-ſleep, made bold to run full-tilt againſt a Poſt,

Poſt, and overturn'd us: By which Accident the unfortunate STREPHON broke his Arm; and this broke off our Acquaintance. We left the Dunderheaded Coachman curſing, and bawling out for Help to get his Machine up, and with much ado procured a Chair for STREPHON; who, by help of an able Surgeon, as I have ſince heard, recovered the right Uſe of his Arm again.

When we got home to my Aunt's, I found her up; and ſhe had been ſweating for fear ſome unlucky Accident had befallen us. In regard CLARISSA was not expected home, ſhe eſcaped a Lecture, and had no Noiſe about the Matter; but as for me, I thought I never ſhould have heard the laſt of it. What was ſtill worſe, I was never to go out after that, but with my Aunt; who in plain Terms told me, *If I went on in that Manner, I ſhould ſoon be ruined; if that was not my Caſe already: For*, as ſhe ſaid, *She could not conceive how I could paſs a whole Night with Gentlemen, and preſerve my Virtue. For Men*, continued ſhe, *never treat Girls without a ſiniſter Deſign; and if they put themſelves to Expences on their Account, will be ſure to make them pay for it one Way or other.* And I muſt confeſs, when I reflect on my former Conduct, I cannot but wonder how I ſo often eſcaped being undone: For I am now ſenſible, I ran great Risks in truſting myſelf ſo much in the Power of young Gentlemen; ſeveral of whom, I am apt to be-

believe, only wanted a proper Opportunity to obtain their Wills of me.

For Six Months I could not have the Liberty to go out, unleſs it was with my Aunt; by which Means I was deprived of the Opportunity of having any Adventures, which I took much Pleaſure in. Once a Week, indeed, I was ſure of going abroad; but that was only to Church with my Aunt. So that I had no Chance for making Conqueſts as formerly, till my Aunt happening at length to be taken ill, I then went to Church by myſelf; upon which I began to ſpread my Charms a-freſh to catch Lovers, and found my Succeſs anſwerable to my Expectations.

One *Sunday* I took Notice of a young Spark (who came conſtantly to Church) whoſe Eyes were continually fixed on me. When Service was over, I obſerved he followed me home, and paſſed by. The next *Sunday* he did not fail being at Church; and to ogle me as before: So that I believe he minded no more than myſelf what the Parſon ſaid. As ſoon as Church was done he followed me again; and asked me, *If my Name was not*—— I told him, *No*; *my Name was*———. He asked Pardon, and ſaid, *He knew a young Lady who was very much like me; and had taken me to be that Perſon.* I judged this to be only a Pretence in order to ſcrape an Acquaintance; and did not doubt but the next Time he ſaw me he would improve it, in caſe I gave him any Encouragement. The *Thurſday* follow-

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ng, being *Chriſtmas-day*, after Church he wiſhed me the Compliment of the Seaſon; and ſpoke as free as if he had known me of a long Time. My Aunt had given me Leave to go to a Neighbour's Houſe to paſs the Evening: And, as he waited on me to the Door, I asked him to walk in; which he did.

Soon after we had drank Tea I went home; that, by uſing the Liberty which was given me, with Moderation, my Aunt, by Degrees, might be induced to allow it me more at large. My Stay being ſo ſhort, FIDELLO (ſo I ſhall call this new Lover) could have no Opportunity of diſcloſing his Mind. But, before I came away, I asked Miſs LUCY, whom I went to viſit, *If ever ſhe had ſeen the Monuments in* Weſtminſter-Abbey? She ſaid, *No: But that ſhe ſhould be glad to ſee them.* I told her, *So ſhould I; and that, as my Aunt dined abroad on the* Wedneſday *following, we would take that Opportunity to go together.*

I expected FIDELIO would have offered his Service to wait on us; but as he did not, (which I was a little ſurpriſed at) I told him, *If he was not engaged, we ſhould be glad of his Company.* He anſwered, *He ſhould be very proud to wait on us.* Accordingly we all three went, and got back Time enough to ſave our Diſtance: For the old Gentlewoman came home within five Minutes after FIDELIO had left us; and it might have occaſioned the Renewal of my Confinement, had I been out when ſhe returned.

As FIDELIO conſtantly waited on me from Church, and uſed to talk to me awhile at the Door, my Aunt ſaid, *She did not approve of it, but that I might ask him to walk in.* I was all over Joy at this Permiſſion, to think that I had once more obtained the Liberty of having a Lover: For I would rather have continued to want that Satisfaction, however uneaſy to me, than diſoblige my Aunt, whom I had a great Affection for, as well as ſtood much in Awe of. Having thus gotten Leave to ſee my Spark within Doors, I received his Viſits on Week Days as well as *Sundays*. We went on in this Manner for a long while, enjoying all the innocent Pleaſure that two Lovers ever could deſire; and often, when Opportunity offered, which was when my Aunt went into the Country, inſtead of ſleeping the Nights away, we ſat up improving the lucky Minutes, and giving each other new Aſſurances of our mutual Affection. I muſt own he was the only Perſon I ever gave my Company to at ſo along a Time; or, that ever I had ſo true a Regard for; becauſe I looked upon his Deſign to be perfectly honourable, and his Paſſion ſincere. I cannot ſay that I had any Objection to the Perſons of moſt of my former Lovers: But then, as I watched every Motion of them, and ſtill obſerved ſomething in their Words or Behaviour that gave me Cauſe of Diſtruſt, I was always upon the Reſerve, more or leſs, as I ſaw Occaſion: Whereas I never ſhew'd any to FIDELIO, far-

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ther than what the ſtricteſt Rules of Virtue oblige a Woman to do.

Abſence is one of the Touch-Stones of Love, which, if ſincere, grows ſtronger by it. And now, at length, a Time of Trial came: For my Aunt, who was gone into the Country to recover her Health, being taken worſe, I was obliged to go down to her. This Summons was afflicting to FIDELIO, as well as me: Nor did he part without a Thouſand Sighs, and (muſt I tell it) as many Kiſſes. His greateſt Concern was, that his Buſineſs would not permit him to go down to ſee me; and therefore he engaged me to write to him, to let him know how the Journey and Country agreed with me: For, as loath as I was to leave the Town, I was much out of Order, and wanted a little of the Country Air to do me good. According to FIDELLO's Requeſt, after I had been down a few Days, I ſent him the following Billet.

SIR,

I am very ſorry that I cannot have the Pleaſure of ſeeing you before I return to Town; which, in caſe my Aunt does not relapſe, will be on Saturday *Sevennight. I was very much fatigued with my Journey, but am much better in Health than when you left me. I wiſh you all Happineſs, and ſhould be glad of a Line from you to your humble Servant,*

MARINA.

FIDELIO did not let me wait long for an Anſwer; for, by the next Poſt, I received the following:

My dear, lovely Creature,

If I could poſſibly have contrived to be abſent from the Buſineſs I was engaged in, I ſhould have been with you inſtead of my Letter: But I am obliged to deny myſelf that much-long'd-for Pleaſure, and wait till I have the Happineſs of ſeeing my Charmer in Town. I am overjoy'd at the Hopes you give me that it will be next Saturday; *but ſtill more at the News of your Recovery. You may judge how welcome it muſt be to the Perſon whoſe Bliſs depends upon* MARINA's *Health.*

FIDELIO.

I was very uneaſy all the Time I was in the Country, notwitſtanding the Benefit I received from the Air: But at laſt the welcome Day that I was to ſet out came; and, as ſoon as I arrived in Town, my Lover did not fail to come and renew his Vows, and tell me how long the Time ſeemed in my Abſence. I am ſure it could not ſeem longer to him than it did to me, altho' I did not tell him ſo; nor could his Pleaſure at this Interview exceed mine. We ſpent the Remainder of the Day together, and it growing late, I wanted him to go home. He, on the contrary,

trary, thinking the Time ſhort, and willing to have as much of my Company as he could, after a long Abſence, would fain have ſtay'd out the Night, but I inſiſted upon his going, altho' I knew he would be locked out. Whereupon, at laſt, he roſe from his Chair and went away, without hardly ſaying good Night. This touched me ſo, that I had almoſt a Mind to run the Hazard of letting him ſtay: However, as ſoon as he was gone, I took a Pen and wrote the following Lines to ſend him next Morning.

SIR,

I am very ſorry that you ſhould be expoſed to the Weather laſt Night, by my denying you Shelter: But I know you are a Gentleman of too much good Senſe to take a Thing ill which I was under a Neceſſity of doing, to prevent an Accident which might have proved my Ruin. You have a better Opinion, I preſume, of my Eſteem for you, than to imagine that what I did was with any Deſign of offending you, or upon any Account, but a Regard for my Character: For which Reaſon, in caſe there was any Thing in my Behaviour that might not be altogether agreeable to you, I hope you will pardon it, and believe me to be your truly ſincere Friend, and Well-wiſher.

MARINA.

FIDELLO

FIDELIO made the Bearer ſtay while he wrote this Anſwer:

My lovely DEAR,

I cannot forgive myſelf, when I conſider the Unreaſonableneſs of my laſt Night's Requeſt; which nothing but the eager Deſire of enjoying your ſweeet Company as much as poſſible, after ſo long an Abſence, could have made me guilty of. It is I therefore, and not you, my Angel, who have offended and am too blame, in deſiring to pleaſe myſelf at the Hazard of your Repoſe, which always ſhould be dear to me. As for my being expoſed to the Weather, it is what I could bear at any Time for your Sake; and was nothing to the Danger to which you might have been expoſed, had my Opportunity been complied with. This conſidered, I cannot but admire the pretty Way you take of rebuking me; and, at the ſame Time granting me Pardon, by asking Pardon yourſelf.

FIDELIO.

I found by his returning ſo kind an Anſwer, that my Letter had pleaſed him; and in the Afternoon he came himſelf, when he told me all his laſt Night's Adventures. Among the reſt, *How a Woman would have charged the Watch with him, under Pretence of his having robbed her; and that if he had not fallen into the Hands of an honeſt Watchman, who did not regard*

gard her, ſeeing ſhe was drunk, he might have been brought into an ugly Scrape. At the Hearing of this my Blood ran chill; for had any thing unlucky happened to him, I ſhould never have forgiven myſelf for conſtraining him to leave our Houſe, at an Hour when I knew he could not get into his own. This Accident ſhews how eaſily an innocent Perſon may be involved in a Misfortune, which he cannot, without very great Difficulty, get clear of; and that it is dangerous to have any thing to do with thoſe one meets with in the Streets late at Night: For they are generally upon ſome ill Deſign; and the Watchmen often are very glad of any Pretence to ſqueeze Money or Liquor out of Gentlemen.

At this Meeting a Frolick came into Fidelio's Head to have me dreſs myſelf in his Cloaths, which, to oblige him, I conſented to; and the next Day, having ſent all Things neceſſary for the Purpoſe, I dreſſed myſelf againſt he came at Night. To carry on the Jeſt, he prevailed on me to go to the Play with him, and was ſurpriſed to ſee me act the Part of a Man ſo well; little imagining that I had been in that Shape for a long Time before. We were no ſooner got into the Pit, than I ſpy'd a Relation of the young Student's at *Lisbon*, who preſently knew me, and came and ſpoke to me. This Accident might have cauſed a double Diſcovery: But I happened to come off very well on both Sides; for he could not ſpeak one Word of *Engliſh*, nor my

my Lover talk *French*. Among other Things, he asked me, *How I could prove ſo barbarous to* CASTINATA, *as to promiſe to return, and yet never think of her more.* He told me, *That after I came away, he and his Couſin went often to Maſs at the Church ſhe frequented; and that two or three Times, having had an Opportunity of ſeeing her by herſelf, ſhe enquired after me, and whether they knew when I would return.* He then let me know, *That he had renounced Popery, and was become a Proteſtant.* He ſaid, *That he had always looked upon the Doctrines and Service of the* Romiſh *Church to be ſuperſtitious; and, for ſome Time paſt, wicked as well as ridiculous, and calculated intirely to ſerve the Intereſts of the Clergy, who were a Scandal to Religion, and a Nuſance to Society.* I complimented him on his Converſion, and ſaid, *I was extremely glad to hear he had forſaken ſo deteſtible a Perſwaſion; which ought to be conſidered as a Conſpiracy formed by incarnate Devils, againſt both the temporal and ſpiritual Happineſs of Mankind, rather than a Religion.* He anſwered, *That he thought my Sentiments very juſt*; and gave me Directions where to call and ſee him: Altho' I never went.

When the Play was over, I went with FIDELIO to the Tavern; where having ſupped, he carried me to that noted *Coffee-Houſe* kept by MOL K——G. I wonder how any Gentleman can find Diverſion in ſuch loathſome Places; the Humours of which, to me, muſt have been ſhocking, in caſe I were a Man. To

ſee

ſee Women throw off all Tokens of Modeſty, and ſtrive to out-do the Men in Debauchery; to hear ſome talking obſcenely, others ſinging filthy Songs, moſt of them fuddled, and all diſorderly; ſuch an odious Picture of our Sex, I ſay, ſhould rather give Diſguſt than Pleaſure. I thought it very odd, when a Whore took me round the Neck and kiſſed me, inviting me to have to do with her, in Terms which ought never to proceed from the Lips of a Woman. We paſſed the greater Part of that Night in rambling; in which I was a farther Witneſs of the Extravagancies committed by the diſſolute Part of my Sex.

Some Time after, my Aunt being gone to ſee a Friend at *Iſlington*, and thinking ſhe would ſtay there all Night, I went with FIDELIO to a Dancing-Match: But when I got home, I was ſurpriſed to find her up at Two in the Morning, in a great Paſſion, waiting for my coming in. As ſoon as we had made our Appearance before her, ſhe deſired my Lover *not to come after me any more: For ſhe thought by his Way of going on, that he had no honourable Deſign.* Theſe harſh Commands (which I deemed unreaſonable) gave me great Diſturbance of Mind; I immediately went out of the Houſe, as determined to ſhare in his Diſgrace. He followed immediately after: But far from encouraging me in my Reſolution, prudently adviſed me to return and pacify my Aunt; asking me, *In caſe I left her, what I ſhould do to get my Bread?* And repreſenting the

Loſs I might incur by diſobliging her. However, I could not then get the better of my Reſentment: So we went to a Neighbour's Houſe; but the Family being all a-bed, and being loath to raiſe them at ſuch an unſeaſonable Hour, I at laſt conſented to return home, altho' at that Time it ſeemed worſe than a Grave to me. The next Day I received privately the following Letter:

My lovely dear, dear CREATURE,

I was in Hopes you would have ſent me a Line to let me know how your Aunt uſed you after I was gone; and where I might have the Pleaſure of ſeeing you, my ſweet Angel! For thou art the only Perſon I adore; and in whoſe Company alone I am bleſſed. Did you but know the Pain it is to me to be deprived of ſeeing that lovely Face; and preſſing thoſe tender Lips, redder and ſweeter than the blooming Roſe, you would not have denied me that Comfort. But poſſibly you have forgotten me already, and admitted the Addreſſes of a new Admirer! Methinks, I hear him praiſing your Beauty; and ſee him hugging you in his eager Arms! Yet if this be only a Viſion; and you have really any Value left for me, I expect you will favour me with a Line; that ſince I cannot ſee, I may hear from you: Which will afford no ſmall Pleaſure to him who is, as much as ever, your faithful Lover,

FIDELIO

That

That ſame Day I ſent a Meſſenger to let him know that my Aunt deſired to ſpeak to him: For, when her Paſſion was over, ſhe ſaid, *He had courted me long enough to come to a Concluſion; and therefore ſhe wanted to ſee him, that ſhe might know his Intent.* But FIDELIO did not come as I expected he would. The next *Sunday* he waited on me from Church, but would not walk in, altho' I preſſed him ſeveral Times. This made me think, that he was glad of the Opportunity to drop his Acquaintance; wherefore, the next Day, I wrote him the following Letter.

SIR,

I have made bold to trouble you with this to let you know, that, ſince you are determined not to be reconciled to my Aunt, I am alſo determined to endeavour to wain my Affections from one who, I have a great deal of Reaſon to think, has very little Regard for me: For, had you really the Love you pretend, you would have been glad to hear what my Aunt had to ſay, and come to a Reconciliation with her. I ſhall add no more, ſince you are not to be ſpoken with, only return you many Thanks for all Favours, and remain your's,

MARINA.

The next Day FIDELIO came, but my Aunt was not at home, being gone for four or five Days into the Country. About a Week after he ſpoke to her, and told her, *He was come to wait on her to know what were her Commands.*

She ſaid, *She wanted to be informed from himſelf with what View he viſited her Niece.* He reply'd, *That he had a great Value for my Perſon, which was the Reaſon of his coming to ſee me; and deſired to know what ſhe intended to do for me.* Her Anſwer was, *That it was Time enough for me to be married*; and went quite off from the Diſcourſe.

I muſt own it was the over Care ſhe had for me that made her fall out with FIDELIO; for ſhe was afraid, that, by his keeping Company too long without coming to a Concluſion, he waited only for an Opportunity to ruin me: So that, when ſhe knew his Deſign, it pacify'd her, and he continued his Viſits for a few Days; and after not ſeeing or hearing from him, put me quite into Diſpair for fear ſomething had happened to him, and ſo wrote the following Lines.

SIR,

I can't expreſs the Trouble I am in at your Abſence, and fearing you are not well, I am no longer able to refrain ſending to you theſe Lines, which I hope will gain Admittance into your d— Hands; and if I am worthy of ſo great a Favour. Pray indulge me with a Line, or hearing from you as ſoon as you receive this, which will very much pleaſure, your's,

J. E. C. A. S. F. T. D. E. N.

The ſame Day I received an Anſwer, which gave me no little Eaſe, after being ſeveral Days tormented. It was as follows.

My

My dear Delight of my Soul.

My not being well, and expecting Day after Day to go out, is the Reaſon of my Abſence from my dear Angel, who is the only Object I can love, in Return for all thoſe kind Looks, that affectionate and kind Uſage, thoſe Tokens of the greateſt Love and Friendſhip that can be found in the moſt grateful and generous of your Sex: for ſo many pleaſant Hours I have been bleſſed in your Company, thou moſt lovely engaging ſweet Creature; my Soul can never part from you till Death; therefore, aſſure yourſelf, my dear Soul, that you are ſtill, and always ſhall be beloved with the greateſt Reſpect by your Adorer and ſincere Friend.

FIDELIO.

Soon after he came to ſee me, and continued for ſome Time, but not without a great many uneaſy Hours; for my Aunt wanted him to have me without any Conſideration; and as ſhe had promiſed him ſhe would do handſomly for me, was the Occaſion of our falling out; for ſhe was very unwilling to part with any Thing till ſhe could make Uſe of it no longer: However, ſhe at laſt thought it was better to come to the Terms ſhe had propoſed at firſt, for fear any thing ſhould happen to my Diſadvantage, which compleated all our Deſigns; and, by her Conſent, were joyn'd together to our great Satisfaction.

F I N I S.

Errata. page 74, line 1, read *rug.* l. 2, read *handle.*

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA